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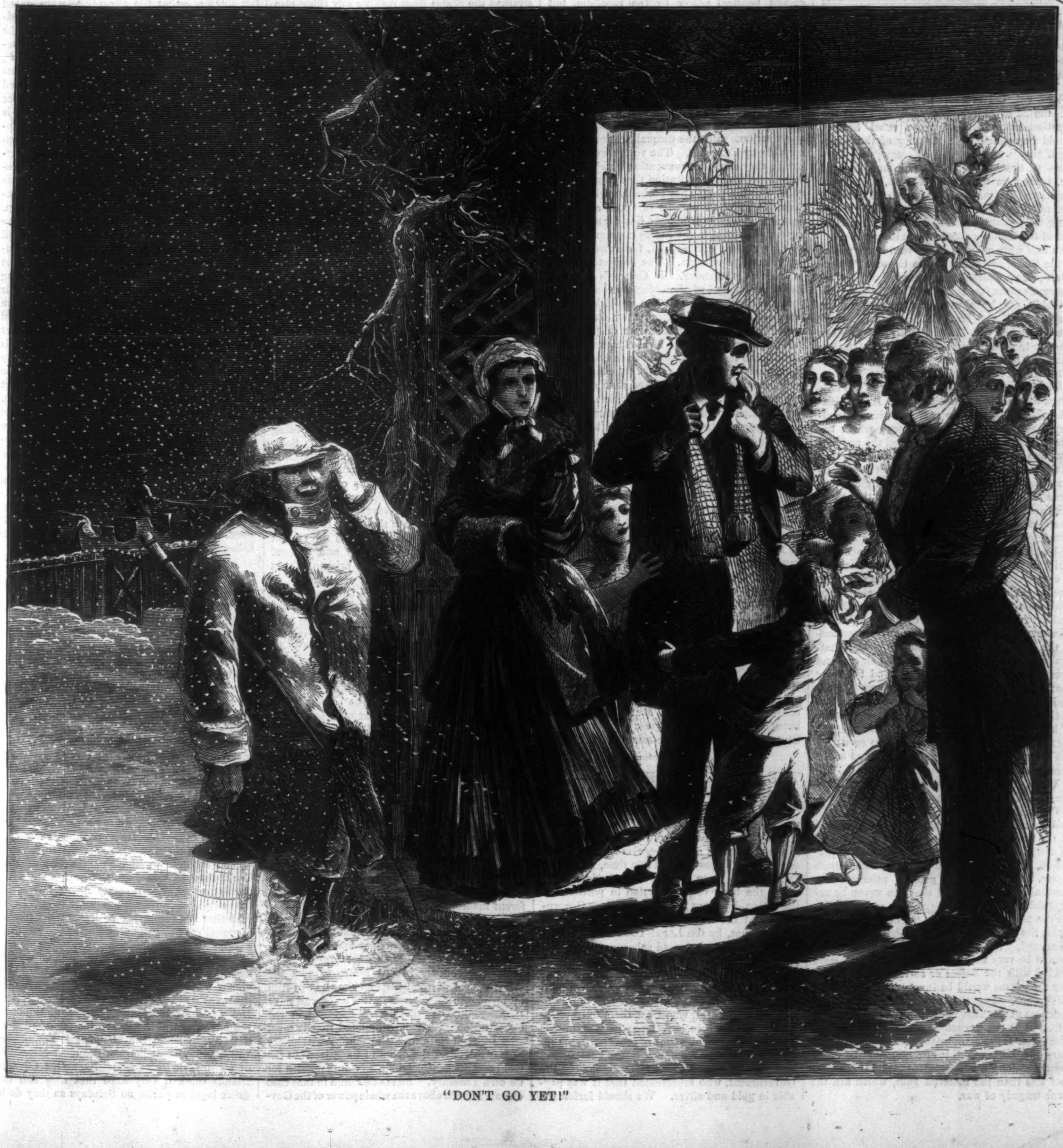
"DON'T GO YET!"

THE picture which we give below is one of that character of illustrations which are, perhaps, better appreciated without any written description—one of those speaking pictures which, as it is usually put, "tell their own story;" but it is one that will tell a different story to each student. A morose old bachelor, for instance, would tell you that he could see no beauty, no sentiment, no meaning in it; that the features of the gentleman who is taking his leave are not natural, like nothing human, while the beautiful in the drawing of the female figure in the foreground and the beauty in her face would have not the slightest charm for him. We might, indeed, find a few of our lady readers who will not appreciate it, though ladies, as a general thing, are much quicker in catching the sentiment of a good picture or song than are the men. But we are happy to think that to ninety-nine hundredths of our readers the sketch will be a highly agreeable one, and recall recollections of the most delightful character. It is evident, as we look at the engraving, that the couple for whom the sleigh waits, and on whom the old driver with his lantern attends at the door, have been the central figures—the popular and live people—at the party which is going on within the farmhouse; all are grieved at their early departure, and all exclaim, in pleading and loving tones, "Don't go yet!" The old gentleman at the door says it, and you can imagine that he half frowns to see that it is unheeded; the good dame of the house says it, and raises her hand in remonstrance, and looks vexed to find it is in vain; while the children who cling to the skirts of their friend cry it out loudly and piteously, with an occasional willful "You sha'n't go!" and, finally, finding that their voices and their arms can no longer keep their genial friends, they retire to the fireside corner and pout for a moment until the music arouses them again and makes them forget their momentary sorrow.

One of the sweetest of sensations, according to Lord BYRON, is to know you are waited for. We suppose it is not precisely Christian-like to feel gratified at others' sorrow, but it is no less a pleas-



"DON'T GO YET!"

ure, to our minds, to know that you are grieved after by loving ones. We suppose it is not necessary to tell our older readers so—at least we hope it is not, and so we address this remark to the juveniles—but there are fewer gratifications like that of being followed to the door by those you love; and many of the happiest moments of life are spent "lingering at the door to say good-by." Every young boy who reads this should remember that it will be a very unequivocal indorsement of his life if, in his manhood, his friend follows him to the door and entreat, "Don't go yet!" And to every young lady with an eye on a sweet-heart, we can suggest that she may learn a good deal of his character by watching his "leave-taking" at home and in society; and if he is followed to the door, as is the gentleman in the picture, she had better make up her mind at once to take him, and forever after entreat him "Don't go yet!"

WAGES.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

THE NEW ALABAMA QUESTION.

THE original reconstruction act, passed on the 2d of March, 1867, provided that the Constitution in any of "the rebel States" should be ratified by a majority of those voting if they were qualified as electors of delegates to the Convention. The supplemental act, passed on the 23d of March, required a majority of the votes of the registered electors. The number registered in Alabama was something more than a hundred and sixty thousand, and of this number about fifteen thousand more than half were colored. The vote lately polled in the State, according to the Governor's Secretary, wants about fifteen thousand of the necessary number, so that the Constitution has probably not been ratified according to the provisions of the law. It is reported, however, that General MEADE will order another election in certain counties where the terrorism exercised over the voters favorable to the Constitution did its perfect work.

That this terrorism is the occasion of the failure of the vote is unquestionable. It is but another illustration of the coercion which has always been known in those States; which before the war marked and ostracized the resident who was opposed to slavery, and which lynched the stranger who protested against it. When the rebel leaders wished to drag Virginia into secession JAMES M. MASON declared that those who were opposed to the movement should not be suffered to vote. It is the natural policy of a society which rests upon a barbarous system, and which by outraging human rights necessarily degrades and imbrutes the public mind. It can not surprise any thoughtful man that the late rebel class in Alabama has been able to intimidate the white and colored loyal citizens, and so to defeat the adoption of the Constitution. The men of this class, and they are undoubtedly the great bulk of the white population, naturally hate the power that freed the slaves, and overthrew "the Confederacy;" and believing that with a President favorable to their schemes and a reactionary party among those who share in the Government, they have yet a good chance of having their own way, it is to be expected that they will do all that is possible to defeat the wishes and plans of the loyal citizens of the country.

What, then, should be the course of Congress? Certainly it need not be chagrined. No honest and patriotic man need feel mortified that the work has not been accomplished at the first trial. There has been a great deal of sarcasm leveled at the reconstructive legislation, and it has undoubtedly been sometimes hasty. But the great general principle has been always sound; and that can never be relinquished. The difficulty of the situation lies in the public impatience. "The war is over," cries the country, when the rebel armies surrendered, "now let us all go on as before." It would be very unfortunate for mankind if wars ended with the defeat or surrender of armies, for then arms would be invoked to settle every difference. It is the circumstances and consequences of war that make it dreadful and terrible. It is the devastation and desolation and death; it is the estrangement of the living; the fury of passion which is engendered; the fierce hate and long meditating revenge; it is these, not less than the material ruin, which are the true tragedy of war.

But when to these you add the industrial and social change which follows from the sudden emancipation of an essential part of the population and their immediate participation in political power, as an absolute necessity of the situation, the consequences of war are such that the most sagacious statesmanship may be often baffled even while moving in the right direction, and will necessarily be accused of incompetency by those who are more impatient of reaching a result than mindful of the means of reaching it. The power of Congress to deal with the States lately in rebellion, it seems to us, as was shown in these columns last week, to be incontestible. The desirable plan, of course, was that each branch of the Government should move harmoniously: the Legislature deliberating and deciding upon the necessary laws, the Executive heartily co-operating, and the Judiciary awaiting the settlement of the political difficulty. The novelty of the situation required general forbearance. But that was impossible. The country demanded constant action, and it has had it. And the course of Congress has been peculiarly fortunate in this that it has developed the real condition of the rebel States, which is a cardinal point to be known in determining what shall be done.

Had Congress begun by a method of reconstruction, which however justifiable by precedent and abstractly would have seemed obviously harsh, it could properly have been objected that it was seeking to alienate feeling in order to excuse severity. But it did not do this. Its first proposition was of a moderation wholly unprecedented. It proposed that the States in question should not have actually gained political power by the rebellion, but should lose representation in the degree that they arbitrarily restricted the elective franchise. This proposition was rejected. Then, in deference to the plain wish of the country that reconstruction should not be delayed, Congress proposed that the State organization should be founded upon a vote of all the people, excepting a certain class of those who were not only rebels but violators of the oath to support the Constitution. But the disqualification was removable by Congress. The voters were registered; they elected a convention which, in Alabama, adopted a constitution that upon its submission to the people has probably received less than the required number of votes, and is rejected. Congress is blamed first for not allowing the old voters in the States concerned to do as they chose; and second, for enfranchising the colored population. The reply to the objections is conclusive. If Congress had followed the counsel of the objectors the political power in the States in question would have been intrusted entirely to the disaffected class, which would have gained an increase of power by emancipation; while the loyal citizens, and especially the late slaves, would have been wholly at the mercy of the late rebels. Such a course would have been no less wicked than absurd.

There is no reasonable doubt that the majority which voted for the Convention in Alabama approve the Constitution and have been prevented from voting by the terrorism of which we have spoken. The votes cast, almost without exception, were in favor of the Constitution. They should of course have decided the question. But the provision of the Act of Congress forbids. The provision is unwise and should be repealed. Then if any State at a fair election prefers the immediate military supervision of the United States to a State government founded upon the consent of the great mass of the population it can abide by its choice. Now that we have learned that it is possible to get on, although the situation is not desirable, without all the States practically in the Union, it is unnecessary to depart from the sound principle of reconstruction. Remove the present unwise restriction of the law and every registered voter will vote. If they refuse reconstruction, they will find General MEADE and General SCHOFIELD and General CANBY very efficient and conservative Governors. But if Alabama be brought in by Act of Congress ought not every State to be restored in the same manner?

THE LEGAL-TENDER ACT.—OUR BONDS PAYABLE IN COIN.

THE question—what the General Government promised to pay when it issued its Five-Twenty bonds, whether coin or paper, and what is the true effect of the Legal-Tender acts—is one of great importance at this time, when new theories have been started on the subject, and made the basis of party action in portions of the Union, injurious to the credit of the Government and the business of the country. The position that, by the Legal-Tender acts, all the Five-Twenty bonds issued subsequently to their passage are payable in paper, arises from a misconception of the true object of such local regulations, and of the nature and character of public loans. Such loans are offered to the capitalists of the world, who treat them universally as payable in coin. A large portion of this debt—contracted at a time of great peril, to preserve our national existence, is now held abroad by foreigners—sold to them by agents of the Government, who represented that it was payable in gold and silver. We should forfeit the confidence of commercial nations, and lose the priceless advantage of national character, if we attempted to apply a local and temporary currency, forced upon us by war for our local objects, to the payment of such a loan. The wants of the Government in process of time can have no limits assigned to them. It is a great object, therefore, that our credit should be equally unlimited. The clause in Art. 6 of the Constitution that all debts incurred by the old Confederation shall be binding on the United States "may have been inserted" (says Mr. MADISON, in the *Federalist*), "among other reasons, *to satisfy the foreign creditors of the United States.*" If we are equally jealous of our honor, the quibbles of PENDLETON and BUTLER will have no weight with the country. The Legal-Tender Act, on which they severally base the position that the bonds are payable in paper, has no application to the principal of the loan.

Ever since the Second Congress Legal-Tender acts have been in operation, enacted in performance of the duty to make general regulations as to the medium in which debts shall be paid by individuals. There are no State acts on that subject, and if a national and general provision had not been made, different rules would prevail in different States. Under the old Articles of Confederation the authority of Congress was limited to the regulation of its own coins and those struck by the several States, and did not include the regulation of the value of foreign coins. This latter was left to the States themselves. To prevent diversity on this subject, the Constitution provided that Congress shall have power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin," and it restrained the States from making any thing else a tender. The new duty thus imposed upon Congress has been performed from time to time by laws which prescribe the value of such coins. They include the coins of Great Britain, France, Spain, Mexico, Peru, Chili, Central America, Bolivia, Portugal, Brazil, Columbia, and other powers. A single case, it is said, illustrates a principle. The act of April 10, 1806, is presented to show the scope and effect of these local regulations intended to apply to our own citizens. This is its language:

"Spanish milled dollars, at the rate of one hundred cents for each, the actual weight whereof shall not be less than seventeen pennyweights and seven grains, and in proportion for parts of a dollar, *shall pass current as money within the United States, and be a legal tender for the payment of all debts and demands.*"

No statesman, no financier, no pettifogger ever supposed that these acts related to the public debt of the United States, or that our bonds, payable in *dollars*, were to be paid to our foreign creditors in the dollars of Mexico, or Peru, or Chili, or Bolivia, although thus made lawful money and a legal tender for *all* debts within the United States. The Act of 1793, February 9, provided that "All foreign gold and silver coins (except Spanish milled dollars and parts of such dollars), which shall be received in payment for moneys due to the United States, after the time when the coining of gold and silver dollars shall begin at the mint of the United States, shall, previously to their being issued in circulation, *be coined anew.*" Such money was not therefore to be paid by the Government, but was to be lawful money and a legal tender for the private debts of individuals and the public debts of public corporations within the jurisdiction of the Government. Such is the precise signification of the Act of 1862, which declares that the Treasury notes of the United States shall "be lawful money and a legal tender for all debts, public and private, within the United States."

The power of the General Government to make its notes lawful money and a legal tender for the private debts of individuals or the public debt of public corporations, grows out of the necessity of providing the rule in war by which its courts of justice and the courts of the several States shall enforce the collection of debts. The collection of debts through means of the courts and marshal of the United States is an act of force, which in war must be accommodated to the necessities of the country. Its forces are employed in war in a different way; and whoever invokes the aid of the Government to collect his debt in war, must accept its aid in the pursuit of his remedy, as the Government may elect. Enforcing the collection of debts in Gold and Silver at such a time, when the Government needs for its use all the precious metals it can obtain, would require an army, in this service, equal to its army in the field. Instead of suspending the collection of debts entirely during war, it mitigates the rigor of their enforced collection by the substitution of a different medium for payment from the Gold and Silver which its action had either expelled or had turned away from the channels of trade. But although the Government may in war suspend the writ of Habeas Corpus; provide for quartering soldiers in any house without the owner's consent; and suspend the right of trial by jury as to all persons in the army and navy—these are conceded rights specified in the Constitution; yet it is contended that it must stop with all its grand and mighty machinery of war to collect the debts of its citizens in the Gold and Silver which its own wants require for its own Treasury. SHYLOCK could in that case elevate himself above the whole power of the Government—as the central and important figure—and turn the public force in the direction of his debtors. On the contrary, all who are creditors, all who are debtors, and all who are jurors, may be torn from their civil pursuits and made to fight the battles of the country. This is war. Life, liberty, and property—those of the nation and those of individuals—are all at stake; and in the authority conferred on Congress with respect to war is embraced the same powers, in their plenitude, which other nations employ for offense or defense in the great struggle for existence. Great Britain and France—nations the first in opulence—resorted to legal-tender acts—substituting paper for coin as a local currency—and thus proved that the policy was necessary for a great war. If necessary and proper for them, it was "necessary and proper" for us, and, being an ordinary *means* appurtenant to war, is thus brought directly within the scope of the granted powers.

There would be no pretense for applying our Legal-Tender Act to the public debt were it not that it specifies that these Treasury notes shall be receivable for "all claims and demands against the United States except for interest upon bonds, notes, and *certificates* of debt or *deposit.*" The ground that this exception, mentioning interest, shows that the *principal* of the bonds is included in the general language, fails utterly as an argument, because it would apply equally to the principal of its certificates of deposit. These are certificates of gold deposits, which no one ever pretended may be paid in paper. The rule invoked that the exceptions include what they do not in terms exclude, being thus inapplicable, it is a fair inference that the exceptions were stated from motives, common to legislation, of abundant caution and have no other object. The public debt of the United States is never referred to under the head of *claims and demands*, but this language is used to include the claims and demands of a floating character connected with the war, as to the payment of which there is no special agreement. That arrangement is proper, and hence those who make sales of supplies to the Government receive its paper, which is temporarily issued for the temporary purposes of the war. The power in peace, to declare paper a legal tender for the private debts of individuals, or the public debts of corporations, does not exist under our Constitution. Its exercise in peace would create just anxiety and alarm and expose us to the censure of all civilized nations. The duty is, therefore, imperative upon the United States to follow the example of those nations which, after making paper money a tender during war within their own limits, returned to specie payments as soon as the disturbance of their internal affairs would permit. To adopt the paper Legal-Tender Act as the permanent policy of the United States is an impossibility, unless we intend to sink down in the descending scale of degradation to the level of Mexico, and expect to be blotted out from the list of established commercial nations.

The standard of gold and silver coins is not changed by the Legal-Tender Act of 1862 or by those Acts which in nearly the same language followed it, but the previous Acts fixing the quantity of standard silver and gold the *dollar* shall contain, remain unchanged and in full force and effect. *This* is what the Government promised to pay, and will pay, with promptitude and integrity, for the decision of this question embraces the deeper one, *whether the Union itself shall be preserved.*

FREE LIQUOR.

THE first considerable act of the Democratic majority in the New York Assembly is the repeal of the Metropolitan Excise Law; and the first proposition of the same majority, whose chief cry against the law has been that it is special legislation, is to vest the metropolitan license power exclusively in the mayors of New York and Brooklyn, subject to the regulation of the Common Councils of those cities. The debate in the House was very earnest and interesting. The Democrats insisted upon "the sovereign right of New York city to govern itself," and complained of the arbitrary enforcement of the law. The Republicans, with admirable temper, declared their willingness to amend the really objectionable parts of any law. Mr. POND took this ground. Mr. ALLIS wished to regard, as far as possible, the peculiar habits of the Germans. Mr. LA BAU, yielding to no man in honoring the city of New York, thought that her best days were when the State took even a more direct interest in the city government than now. Mr. PITTS said that he would like to leave the question of repeal to the tax-payers, and to the mothers, wives, and daughters of the city.

There can be no doubt what their verdict would be, but the Assembly passed the bill by a vote of 65 to 46. Its fate in the Senate, which is almost tied between the parties, is uncertain. But whatever it be, there can be no doubt of the advantage of the law to the good order of the city. Should the Democratic policy prevail, Sunday must become the most disorderly of all days in the metropolis. Our German friends think it very hard that they can not drink lager in public on Sundays as they do in

the gardens and lokals of the Fatherland, but they know how difficult the discrimination is between the sale of malt and ardent liquors. In Germany they have the liberty of drinking on Sundays, but they have little of that higher liberty which they enjoy here, and which may be well considered worth some little sacrifice. Let us look at some of the facts in which they with all good citizens are interested.

The Excise Board was constituted on the 14th of April, 1866. For six months afterward its operations were paralyzed by the CARDOZO injunctions. Then the Court of Appeals affirmed the constitutionality of the law, and since that time it has been enforced. The whole amount collected to the 1st of December, 1867, during the nineteen months, including the CARDOZO paralysis, is $2,600,451 53, and the cost of collection has been less than three per cent. In that time the retail liquor-shops have been reduced in New York and Brooklyn from 9270 to 6845—a reduction in number of 2425 shops, and the release of some 10 or 15,000 persons in attendance upon them to different and probably more orderly pursuits. The number of hours during the week in which liquor is publicly sold has been reduced from 168 to 108; the hours between midnight and sunrise and all Sundays being wholly free from the traffic.

Meanwhile the public order upon election days is unprecedented; the deposits in the Savings Banks have greatly increased; and arrests for disorder and crime upon Sundays, which were formerly more, are now fewer than on any other day in the week. In the year 1865, during the eight months from May to November, there were 3515 of the arrests made on Sundays, and but 3380 on Tuesdays; while in the thirteen months of the full enforcement of the law the arrests on Sundays proceeding from drunkenness were 2514, while on the Tuesdays of the same months it was 6021—or more than double the Sunday arrests. There are still 6845 liquor and beer shops open all the time except in the hours mentioned; and the present system is merely one of regulation, which is the policy approved by the general experience.

Of course nobody doubts that a license system intrusted to the elective political authorities of the city would be practically no restraint whatever upon the sale of ardent spirits every where and at all times. The increase of disorder and crime would necessarily be enormous, and the increase of taxation in proportion. Under the old system, which the Metropolitan law supplanted, there were annually some $12,000 paid into the treasury against $1,300,000 under the new. These are facts which every sober tax-paying man will ponder; and whatever errors there may be in the administration of the present law, he can hardly fail to see that the system which the Democratic majority of the Assembly would introduce would turn Sunday, in New York and its neighborhood, into a Saturnalia.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

ON the 15th of February instant the Governments of the nineteen different nations of the earth which were represented at the late "International Monetary Conference" held at Paris were, by agreement, to have answered whether they would unite in placing their respective monetary systems on the basis indicated by the Conference, and thereby accomplish a result vitally important to the world's commercial interests and the general advancement of mankind. The conclusion which they reached is not yet made public; but, as a spirit of harmony and compromise of individual preference characterized their deliberations, it is reasonable to anticipate a more successful issue than has heretofore followed the efforts of "Universal Peace Societies," or the attempts to establish an international postage, an international copyright, or a universal language.

It is the generally received opinion, we believe, that the world is to move steadily on, under the universal law of ascension, until a complete unification of races takes place, and the climax of human perfection is reached in the Millennium. Certainly the world's history shows a marked progress in this direction since the "confusion of tongues" at Babel, when the world's population was scattered like chaff, and divided up into petty tribes, sovereignties, and states. Under the central authority of the Roman Empire a long stride was made toward a united political and monetary organism; but with its downfall the fabric was again broken into fragments, and it has taken twelve centuries of reconstruction to reintegrate the elements and reach the present gratifying status of the present era—a result so practically exemplified in the Monetary Conference at Paris.

The political changes in the Old World, with the consequent diminution in the number of coining nations, together with the commercial intercourse which has been secured between nations hitherto persistently exclusive, have at last enabled the principal intelligent sovereignties to do what has hitherto been impossible within the history of man—meet face to face in friendly conference for the promotion of the general weal.

That a union of the coinage of the Eastern and Western continents would be of inestimable importance in its moral, political, and commercial effects is incontestible. Its attainment has been long sought for, and the share of influence which the United States, even in its earliest infancy, has exerted in securing what has thus far been accomplished must be ever gratifying to the national pride; for, by the adoption of the metric system in 1786, it not only took the lead in the cause of monetary unification, but forever firmly established the monetary unity and the monetary sovereignty of the Republic from ocean to ocean. Six years afterward France followed the example by decimalizing her coin, and other nations have fallen into the system successively. In 1821 JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in the United States Senate, made the first official proposition known in civil history for a general monetary convention such as has now been assembled.

All the most interesting and important facts bearing upon this subject and upon the proceedings of the Paris Conference are embodied in the comprehensive Report presented to the State Department by SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, the delegate from the United States.

The aggregate population of the European and American nations represented a little exceeds 320,000,000, and of their dependencies in Asia, 190,000,000. The plan of unification agreed to embraces: A single standard, exclusively of gold; coins of equal weight and diameter; coins of equal quality (or *titre*), nine-tenths fine; the weight of the present five-franc gold piece (1612.70 milligrams) to be the unit, with its multiples. The Conference accordingly unanimously recommended the issue of a coin of the weight and value of twenty-five francs, specimens of which have already been struck, with proposed inscriptions suitable to the tastes and languages of the different nations; for it is not proposed that any shall change their local names and emblems, unless they so prefer, only the coins shall be legal tenders, public and private, by all. Thus, the specimen coin of Austria is inscribed, "*Or, Essai Monetaire*," encircling "25 francs, 10 florins, 1867." That of the United States has inscribed on its reverse, "5 Dollars, 25 Francs, 1867;" suitable mottoes and emblems to be added according to election. The diameter of this coin a little exceeds that of the present half-eagle.

The adoption of this unit compels a reduction of seventeen and a half cents in the value of the United States half-eagle, and of four cents in the British sovereign. The coins of other countries approximate quite as nearly to the required standard of value, so that their assimilation is not a difficult task, especially when aided by the alacrity with which the contracting parties have entered into the plan; as for instance the Emperor of Austria, who has already signed a preliminary treaty with the French Emperor.

Broad as is the basis upon which this new monetary fabric is to rest, it is likely to receive large accessions from Asia; for China is even now upon the point of coining gold coins of similar weight and value to those of France, while the coinage of Japan resembles that of France in some essential features. Persia, Turkey, and the Ottoman Empire have expressed their interest in the monetary reform. It is more than probable that South America will throw in her adhesion to the new alliance, and thereby complete the monetary unification of the American hemisphere.

In view of the rapidly increasing product of gold throughout the world, it becomes important, especially to the gold-producing United States, to secure the proposed reform at once; otherwise the cost and difficulty of recoinage will rapidly increase from year to year. The value of coin in circulation now in Continental Europe is estimated at $22,000,000,000.

In Mr. RUGGLES'S Report he carefully considers the intermediate importance of the Western Hemisphere, not only as a producer of gold, but as the stepping-stone between Western Europe and Eastern Asia, recently much enhanced in importance by steam navigation on the Pacific, and to be still more by the completion of the Pacific Railroad. The entire subject is as exhaustless as the illimitable future, which it concerns more than any other philanthropic scheme for the unification of races and their interests. It is destined to be a far more powerful agent than conquest ever was.

MR. DISRAELI AND PARLIAMENT.

THE British Parliament has reassembled, and we shall now see what Mr. DISRAELI proposes to do upon the subjects of Ireland and of popular education. When he has stated his plan he will wait and see what Parliament proposes; and if it is wholly antagonistic to his own plan, he will say "Certainly," throw his own suggestions under the table, and obey Parliament. It is in this quiet way that Mr. DISRAELI has revolutioned the traditions of his government. Hitherto there has been a sense of political and party honor among the chief British statesmen which compelled them, when in the ministry, after proposing and defending their policy, and submitting it to the judgment of Parliament, to abide by its decision. If it were accepted, the result was very grateful to the ministry, who retained office. But if it were rejected, the Prime Minister advised the sovereign to send for the representative leader of the victorious Opposition, and he formed the new ministry.

The present ministry, of which Mr. DISRAELI is the strongest member, abide by the decision, also, but in quite another way. They carry out the doctrine of instructions to its logical result. The ministry being, as Mr. BAGSHOT explains in his lively and clever book upon the English Constitution, merely a Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. DISRAELI evidently holds that it is the business of the Committee to execute the will of the appointing power. In his judgment the ministerial function is exclusively executive. The ministers may, if they choose, propose measures, but if they are not adopted that is the end of it. They would execute their own policy if it were the Parliamentary will. As it is not, they will execute that which is. This simplifies matters extremely, and leaves Mr. DISRAELI and his friends permanently in office.

Nor do we see how they are to be compelled to retire so long as they are influenced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord DERBY and Lord STANLEY, as genuine Englishmen, we can fancy very impatient in the anomalous and rather absurd position into which they are thrown by Mr. DISRAELI'S dexterity. An English statesman and gentleman, honoring the venerable traditions of his Government, must instinctively wish to resign when the policy of the ministry of which he is a member is defeated. But the master of the present ministry is a disciple of the "Asian mystery." His dark, inscrutable face is one in which it is very hard to discern those qualities which are most characteristic of the best Englishmen and dearest to them. His speeches as Tory leader and to Tory constituencies should astonish and alarm the sobriety of England as much as JOHN WILKES'S talk at the end of the last century. The only political system which DISRAELI ever seemed truly to favor is a medieval reminiscence; a system in which the aristocracy are rulers and take good care of the people. It seems to be his hope now to effect a union between the higher and the lowest class in order to hold the Liberals in check, as the old Southern leaders of the Democracy in this country allied themselves with the ignorance and prejudice of the free States to check the party of free labor and free soil.

Every body acknowledges Mr. DISRAELI'S extraordinary versatility and ability, but nobody seems to believe that he has any principle. The best English journals openly appland and doubt him. It is evident that they feel him to be in some vague way an adventurer. He has carried the most liberal reform in the elective franchise, but nobody believes him to be a reformer. He went beyond GLADSTONE and JOHN BRIGHT, but nobody doubts their sincere devotion to political reform. Meanwhile it is impossible to foretell the course of the Ministry upon the Irish and education question. Lord STANLEY recently intimated in a public speech that no serious reforms would be proposed in Ireland, and the permission demanded of Parliament to suspend the *habeas corpus* in that unhappy country does not promise conciliation, although, of course, it is not necessarily inconsistent with it. We shall be surprised, however, if Mr DISRAELI does not propose some comprehensive Irish policy; and utterly mistaken if he does not abandon it and retain his office should Parliament disapprove.

A LITTLE BRICK-DUST.

THE letter from Virginia which we published last week stated that the La Crosse *Democrat* is the most popular and widely-read of newspapers in the late rebel States. Some Democrats are trying to shake off VALLANDIGHAM, but we have heard of none who object to the La Crosse *Democrat*. Indeed, the New York *World* feebly attempts to imitate its ribald insults to the memory of Mr. LINCOLN. We quote two specimens of the style of this organ of Democracy. In the first it is speaking of Mrs. LINCOLN, and in the second of reconstruction:

"Really, we don't believe more than one good thing ever happened to the poor woman, and that was the night she went with the 'Late Lamented' to the Washington play-house, and the devil run off with her husband. That was a great relief to the poor thing, as it also was to the millions of oppressed, tyranny-ridden people of the country."

"By making this, as God and its founders intended it should be, a white man's government, by diminishing the hordes of thieving tyrants who are devastating the fairest portion of our common country; by driving from power the bastard members of the bogus Congress; by repudiating the gigantic debt contracted by a fraction of the people, during a period of temporary insanity and wickedness, imposed on the whole people."

Under such sound Democratic influences we may naturally anticipate the most harmonious reconstruction at the earliest moment.

LITERARY.

THE American News Company have just published a "Hand-book for Havana, and Guide-book for Travelers in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and St. Thomas," which is full of the most necessary information, and is prepared with an admirable sense of the requirements of travelers and invalids. It is the things most familiar that the traveler wants explained, and this is what he will find in this compact and convenient little volume called "The Stranger in the Tropics," or the Hand-book, etc. Thus he is reminded that the habit of the island of Cuba, founded upon experience, is to eat copiously every day of the fruit of the season; that he must not drink spirituous liquors when he eats bananas; and the whole intercourse of smokers is accurately set forth. The advice to invalids is the work of a medical man; and whoever goes to Havana for health or business or pleasure will find this book the most useful of pocket companions.

In "Ohio in the War" Mr. WHITELAW REID has done for his State what each State which was earnestly engaged in the suppression of the rebellion should do for itself. In two very portly volumes of eight or nine hundred pages each he has preserved the military records of the Ohio troops during the war for the Union, and preserved them in such a manner that they will be equally interesting to the general reader and valuable to future generations. The work really contains a record of the military career of every officer and every organization enlisted by Ohio from 1861 to 1865. The first volume contains a great number of elaborate biographies of the principal Union officers from the State of Ohio—faulty perhaps in conclusions and criticisms, but carefully compiled as regards the facts, and for this reason valuable. The second volume is filled chiefly with rosters of the hundred and fifty odd Ohio regiments, and an account of the actions, marches, etc., etc., in which each engaged. Pennsylvania, and we believe some few other States, have authorized and aided similar works to that of Mr. REID; but we have seen none in which the labor has been so clearly and completely done as in this instance. Every State should take steps not only to preserve its official records of the war, but to do so in such a manner as to place them within the reach of the people of the State and the whole country. Mr. REID has furnished in "Ohio in the War" a perfect model for such works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

LEGISLATION in Congress for the week ending February 18 was confined to matters of minor importance.

Colorado is asking admission as a State of the Union, and a bill to that effect was reported in the Senate on February 12.

Alabama asks readmission to the Union in conformity with the 5th section of the original Reconstruction Bill, and a bill to restore her to her rights of representation was introduced in the Senate on February 12, and the House on February 17. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee of either House.

The House, on February 12, considered bills to prevent foreign convicts from entering the United States, and to protect citizens abroad; but action was taken on neither.

The Senate, on February 13, received a bill creating the Territory of Wyoming out of a portion of Dakota.

The Senate, on February 17, considered a memorial from a number of German citizens praying for "the abolition of the Presidency as a copy of royalty and dangerous to the republic."

In the same body a bill was reported providing that a majority vote shall hereafter decide elections under the Reconstruction Acts. This is to avoid and counteract the efforts of rebels to defeat the Constitution, as in Alabama, by largely registering and then refusing to vote.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The State Legislature has wisely taken steps to examine the rivers and streams of the State with a view to rendering them more productive of fish, and a bill appointing Seth Green and Robert B. Roosevelt Commissioners of Fisheries was introduced into the Senate on February 11.

NEWS ITEMS.

According to Italian journals (not the best authority on American matters), Admiral Farragut has been commissioned by Mr. Seward or the American Government to purchase the port of Spezzia for the benefit of the Mediterranean squadron.

Arkansas is the second State to act in the matter of adopting a new Constitution. On February 11 the Convention of that State adopted a new Constitution providing, among other things, for female and negro suffrage, and fixing the 13th of March as the day for the election which is to ratify or reject it.

Mr. Charles O. Rogers, of the Boston *Journal*, has purchased, for $280,000, a site in Washington Street, opposite the head of State Street, Boston, and is going to erect a newspaper office which will be at once an ornament and pride of Boston.

Twenty-five years ago the Plains of the West were believed to be a great desert and so called, and the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains were considered impassable in winter. This winter twenty thousand men are laying railroad tracks on the summit of the mountains, and the "desert" is traversed daily by trains.

It appears to be the order of the day in Europe to protest against the arming of nations. Russia has burlesqued this peculiarity of the Great Powers by complaining of the warlike attitude of Servia and Bulgaria—a protest which would find a humorous counterpart in that of the United States against the present attitude of Hayti and St. Domingo.

FOREIGN NEWS.

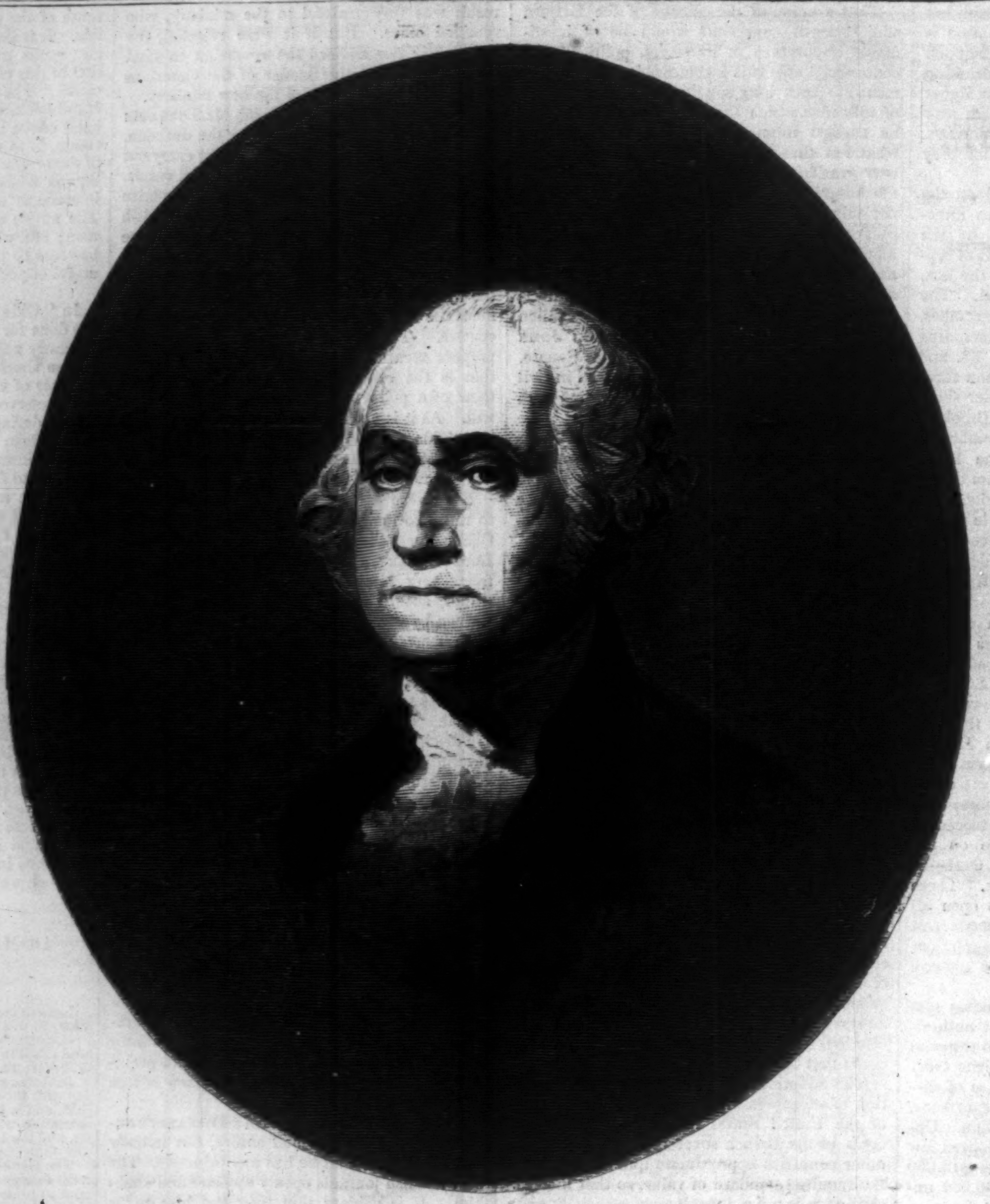
THE opposition of the Japanese nobles to the opening of the ports of Osaka and Hiogo to foreigners culminated on January 25 in a serious revolt which resulted in the temporary overthrow of the government. Several months since Stots-Bashi, the Tycoon who made the treaty opening these ports, was compelled to resign in favor of another Prince of the Daimios, or royal houses. This new Tycoon has made himself equally obnoxious to the other Princes—Satsuma, Choisa, and Toso—and on January 25 they seized his person and assumed the reins of government. Stots-Bashi fled to Osaka, where he endeavored to raise a force to put down the rebellion. The foreign ministers in Japan have declined to interfere in the quarrel, although foreign interests are much involved in it.

The Turks are much distressed at the appearance of the United States steamer *Ticonderoga* on the coast of Crete, and have it that the whole squadron of Admiral Farragut is to rendezvous in the Grecian Archipelago. "Farragut's flag" in the Mediterranean, it seems, is giving great trouble to both Papacy and Porte.

Sir David Brewster, inventor of the kaleidoscope, and for many years past distinguished as a savant, died on February 10, 1868, aged 87 years.

STUART'S WASHINGTON.

A year since we presented to the readers of the *Weekly* a large engraving of the head of Martha Washington, by Gilbert Charles Stuart; we now give, as its companion picture, an exact representation of the head of Washington by the same artist. The original paintings from which these engravings were made now hang in the Boston Athenæum, and form a principal attraction of that place. These portraits are really the basis for all the likenesses which we have of Washington and his wife, and, as the standard portraits of the illustrious pair, they are of course invaluable.



STUART'S PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.—[Photographed by Whipple, Boston.]

RELIEVING THE POOR.

We said a few weeks ago that there was no real necessity for reminding our readers of the great distress among the poor of the city and country, for our citizens appear to be alive to it. The engravings on this page are not, therefore, intended as reminders, but are chronicles of what the charitable are doing. They illustrate the good works of the Young Men's Christian Association. The first shows the appearance of the crowd which is to be seen daily in front of the head-quarters of the Association at No. 69 Ludlow Street. They are entering the building to partake of the meal which is daily set for the benefit of such worthy poor people as need a dinner. About 500 persons are fed daily at this institution. The second cut shows the scene within the house at the hour for distributing soup to families.—Large numbers of children attend at the building at this time, and soup is served out to them by the pailful, which they carry home to their parents.

THE LAST OF MAXIMILIAN.

Just four years ago Maximilian of Miramar received with great honors and magnificence, at his castle near Trieste, the Mexican deputation which came to offer him the crown of Mexico; and when, on April 10, he accepted, in a brief speech, he was greeted with shouts of "God save the Emperor Maximilian I.!" and with salvos of artillery from the Castle of Miramar and the town of Trieste. The body of the unfortunate Prince was received at Trieste on January 16 last, with equal pomp, but of a less joyous character. Our engraving on page 137 illustrates the last of these memorable receptions, and completes the story of the chief victim of Louis Napoleon:

"The town of Trieste was clad in mourning," writes an eye-witness of the scene; "the stores were closed, funera. knells were rung from all the churches, salvos of artillery were fired at the port, the castle, and the vessels, and a concourse of the people flocked to the mole where the body was to be landed. The civil and military authorities, the dignitaries of the empire, the deputies of the Diet of Agram, with the Bishop of Soie at their head, and other officials, were at their post. On the arrival of the Imperial family, represented by the Archdukes Charles, Louis Victor, Leopold, and Ernest, the shallop that bore the coffin cast off from the *Novana* at 9.30 a.m., and, towed by a small tug-boat, moved silently toward the mole of San Carlo.

"All eyes were fixed on the floating coffin. The shallop measured sixty feet in length, and fourteen feet in width. It was ornamented with a silver angel holding two crowns, and a lion couchant. A canopy of black cloth, trimmed with silver fringe and adorned with the crown, covered the catafalque whereon the body reposed. The Mexican coffin had been inclosed in a copper coffin, over which was spread a red velvet pall, embroidered with gold. The Imperial family placed on the coffin a crown with the three inscriptions:

To the valiant Hero!
To the beloved Brother!
To the good Christian!

"To the right and left of the coffin, on black velvet cushions embroidered with silver, rested the crown of Mexico, the hat of the Austrian Archduke, and the princely crown, together with the orders of St. Eugene, of the Imperial Eagle, of Guadalupe, and other dignities. Three other crowns also adorned the coffin of the unfortunate Prince; the one presented by the garrison of Queretaro to its Emperor; another presented by the Governor of the Fortress of Gibraltar, and a third given by the officers of the fleet of Pola. Eight officers of the marines, with drawn swords, formed a guard of honor around the body.

"The funeral-boat was preceded by a boat covered with black cloth, carrying the staff officers, followed by other boats manned by the officers who had accompanied the victor of Lissa to Mexico.

"When the floating procession reached the pier the officers of the Imperial marine raised the coffin and placed it on the hurdles prepared for the purpose, after which it was deposited in the magnificent Court funeral-car, which was in waiting close by on the dock. The moment was solemn and affecting, and many eyes were filled with tears. The Bishop of Trieste gave the benediction of the Church, in the presence of an immense multitude, and the procession moved in the following order: The officers of the body-guard surrounding the coffin, with the servants of the Castle of Miramar; then, after the car, came the municipal council, the clergy, the Archdukes, the Vice-Admiral Tegethoff, and the Governor, M. de Bach. At the railroad dépôt a new benediction was given the mortal remains of the Prince, and the cars started for Vienna, where the obsequies were to be celebrated."

BALTIMORE ART SCHOOL.

It appears from some correspondence elicited by our late illustrated article on the Art Schools of New York that Schools of Design are more general all over the country than is usually supposed. One of these in Baltimore, attached to the Maryland Institute—a most valuable adjunct to the school system of that State—has at this time four hundred and forty-five pupils, male and female. Already forty-four of the graduates of the Baltimore School of Design have received appointments as assistant engineers in the National navy, while others are occupying positions in which they are enabled to give enlightened direction to several of the mechanical arts. But unfortunately Baltimore has no Peter Cooper, alive to the interests of civilization and the necessities of art education, and as enlightened and generous as he is wealthy; and its Institute is at this time compelled to ask a support from the State Legislature, which will not, it is hoped, unwisely refuse.

RELIEVING THE POOR—THE DINNER HOUR.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

RELIEVING THE POOR—SERVING SOUP.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Sergeant remained silent, thinking his own thoughts, till we entered the plantation of firs which led to the quicksand. There he roused himself, like a man whose mind was made up, and spoke to me again.

"Mr. Betteredge," he said, "as you have honored me by taking an oar in my boat, and as you may, I think, be of some assistance to me before the evening is out, I see no use in our mystifying one another any longer, and I propose to set you an example of plain-speaking on my side. You are determined to give me no information to the prejudice of Rosanna Spearman, because she has been a good girl to *you*, and because you pity her heartily. Those humane considerations do you a world of credit, but they happen in this instance to be humane considerations clean thrown away. Rosanna Spearman is not in the slightest danger of getting into trouble—no, not if I fix her with being concerned in the disappearance of the Diamond, on evidence which is as plain as the nose on your face!"

"Do you mean that my lady won't prosecute?" I asked.

"I mean that your lady *can't* prosecute," said the Sergeant. "Rosanna Spearman is simply an instrument in the hands of another person, and Rosanna Spearman will be held harmless for that other person's sake."

He spoke like a man in earnest—there was no denying that. Still, I felt something stirring uneasily against him in my mind. "Can't you give that other person a name?" I said.

"Can't *you*, Mr. Betteredge?"

"No."

Sergeant Cuff stood stock-still, and surveyed me with a look of melancholy interest.

"It's always a pleasure to me to be tender toward human infirmity," he said. "I feel particularly tender at the present moment, Mr. Betteredge, toward you. And you, with the same excellent motive, feel particularly tender toward Rosanna Spearman, don't you? Do you happen to know whether she has had a new outfit of linen lately?"

What he meant by slipping in this extraordinary question unawares I was at a total loss to imagine. Seeing no possible injury to Rosanna if I owned the truth, I answered that the girl had come to us rather sparely provided with linen, and that my lady, in recompense for her good conduct (I laid a stress on her good conduct), had given her a new outfit not a fortnight since.

"This is a miserable world," says the Sergeant. "Human life, Mr. Betteredge, is a sort of target—misfortune is always firing at it, and always hitting the mark. But for that outfit we should have discovered a new night-gown or petticoat among Rosanna's things, and have nailed her in that way. You're not at a loss to follow me, are you? You have examined the servants yourself, and you know what discoveries two of them made outside Rosanna's door. Surely you know what the girl was about yesterday, after she was taken ill? You can't guess? Oh, dear me, it's as plain as that strip of light there at the end of the trees. At eleven, on Thursday morning, Superintendent Seegrave (who is a mass of human infirmity) points out to all the women servants the smear on the door. Rosanna has her own reasons for suspecting her own things; she takes the first opportunity of getting to her room, finds the paint-stain on her night-gown, or petticoat, or what not, shams ill, and slips away to the town, gets the materials for making a new petticoat or night-gown, makes it alone in her room on the Thursday night, lights a fire (not to destroy it; two of her fellow-servants are prying outside her door, and she knows better than to make a smell of burning, and to have a lot of tinder to get rid of)—lights a fire, I say, to dry and iron the substitute dress after wringing it out, keeps the stained dress hidden (probably *on* her), and is at this moment occupied in making away with it, in some convenient place, on that lonely bit of beach ahead of us. I have traced her this evening to your fishing village, and to one particular cottage which we may possibly have to visit before we go back. She stopped in the cottage for some time, and she came out with (as I believe) something hidden under her cloak. A cloak (on a woman's back) is an emblem of charity—it covers a multitude of sins. I saw her set off northward along the coast, after leaving the cottage. Is your sea-shore here considered a fine specimen of marine landscape, Mr. Betteredge?"

I answered, "Yes," as shortly as might be.

"Tastes differ," says Sergeant Cuff. "Looking at it from my point of view, I never saw a marine landscape that I admired less. If you happen to be following another person along your sea-coast, and if that person happens to look round, there isn't a scrap of cover to hide you any where. I had to choose between taking Rosanna in custody on suspicion, or leaving her, for the time being, with her little game in her own hands. For reasons, which I won't trouble you with, I decided on making any sacrifice rather than give the alarm as soon as to-night to a certain person who shall be nameless between us. I came back to the house to ask you to take me to the north end of the beach by another way. Sand—in respect of its printing off people's footsteps—is one of the best detective officers I know. If we don't meet with Rosanna Spearman by coming round on her this way, the sand may tell us what she has been at, if the light only lasts long enough. Here *is* the sand. If you will excuse my suggesting it—suppose you hold your tongue, and let me go first?"

If there is such a thing known at the doctor's shop as a *detective-fever*, that disease had now got fast hold of your humble servant. Sergeant Cuff went on between the hillocks of sand, down to the beach. I followed him (with my heart in my mouth); and waited at a little distance for what was to happen next.

As it turned out, I found myself standing nearly in the same place where Rosanna Spearman and I had been talking together when Mr. Franklin suddenly appeared before us, on arriving at our house from London. While my eyes were watching the Sergeant my mind wandered away in spite of me to what had passed on that former occasion between Rosanna and me. I declare I almost felt the poor thing slip her hand again into mine, and give it a little grateful squeeze to thank me for speaking kindly to her. I declare I almost heard her voice telling me again that the Shivering Sand seemed to draw her to it, against her own will, whenever she went out—almost saw her face brighten again, as it brightened when she first set eyes upon Mr. Franklin coming briskly out on us from among the hillocks. My spirits fell lower and lower as I thought of these things—and the view of the lonesome little bay, when I looked about to rouse myself, only served to make me feel more uneasy still.

The last of the evening light was fading away; and over all the desolate place there hung a still and awful calm. The heave of the main ocean on the great sand-bank out in the bay, was a heave that made no sound. The inner sea lay lost and dim, without a breath of wind to stir it. Patches of nasty ooze floated, yellow-white, on the dead surface of the water. Scum and slime shone faintly in certain places, where the last of the light still caught them on the two great spits of rock jutting out, north and south, into the sea. It was now the time of the turn of the tide; and even as I stood there waiting, the broad brown face of the quicksand began to dimple and quiver—the only moving thing in all the horrid place.

I saw the Sergeant start as the shiver of the sand caught his eye. After looking at it for a minute or so he turned and came back to me.

"A treacherous place, Mr. Betteredge," he said; "and no signs of Rosanna Spearman any where on the beach, look where you may."

He took me down lower on the shore, and I saw for myself that his footsteps and mine were the only footsteps printed off on the sand.

"How does the fishing village bear, standing where we are now?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

"Cobb's Hole," I answered (that being the name of the place), "bears as near as may be due south."

"I saw the girl this evening, walking northward along the shore, from Cobb's Hole," said the Sergeant. "Consequently, she must have been walking toward this place. Is Cobb's Hole on the other side of that point of land there? And can we get to it—now it's low-water—by the beach?"

I answered, "Yes," to both those questions.

"If you'll excuse my suggesting it, we'll step out briskly," says the Sergeant. "I want to find the place where she left the shore before it gets dark."

We had walked, I should say, a couple of hundred yards toward Cobb's Hole, when Sergeant Cuff suddenly went down on his knees on the beach, to all appearance seized with a sudden frenzy for saying his prayers.

"There's something to be said for your marine landscape here, after all," remarked the Sergeant. "Here are a woman's footsteps, Mr. Betteredge! Let us call them Rosanna's footsteps, until we find evidence to the contrary that we can't resist. Very confused footsteps, you will please to observe—purposely confused, I should say. Ah, poor soul, she understands the detective virtues of sand as well as I do! But hasn't she been in rather too great a hurry to tread out the marks thoroughly? I think she has. Here's one footstep going *from* Cobb's Hole; and here is another going back to it. Isn't that the toe of her shoe pointing straight to the water's edge? And don't I see two heel-marks further down the beach, close at the water's edge also? I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm afraid Rosanna is sly. It looks as if she had determined to get to that place you and I have just come from, without leaving any marks on the sand to trace her by. Shall we say that she walked through the water from this point till she got to that ledge of rocks behind us, and came back the same way, and then took to the beach again where those two heel-marks are still left? Yes, we'll say that. It seems to fit in with my notion that she had something under her cloak when she left the cottage. No! not something to destroy—for, in that case, where would have been the need of all these precautions to prevent my tracing the place at which her walk ended? Something to hide is, I think, the better guess of the two. Perhaps, if we go on to the cottage, we may find out what that something is!"

At this proposal my detective-fever suddenly cooled. "You don't want me," I said. "What good can I do?"

"The longer I know you, Mr. Betteredge," said the Sergeant, "the more virtues I discover. Modesty—oh, dear me, how rare modesty is in this world! and how much of that rarity you possess! If I go alone to the cottage the people's tongues will be tied at the first question I put to them. If I go with you I go introduced by a justly respected neighbor, and a flow of conversation is the necessary result. It strikes me in that light; how does it strike you?"

Not having an answer of the needful smartness as ready as I could have wished, I tried to gain time by asking him what cottage he wanted to go to.

On the Sergeant describing the place I recognized it as a cottage inhabited by a fisherman named Yolland, with his wife and two grown-up children, a son and a daughter. If you will look back, you will find that, in first presenting Rosanna Spearman to your notice, I have described her as occasionally varying her walk to the Shivering Sand by a visit to some friends of hers at Cobb's Hole. Those friends were the Yollands—respectable, worthy people, a credit to the neighborhood. Rosanna's acquaintance with them had begun by means of the daughter, who was afflicted with a misshapen foot, and who was known in our parts by the name of Limping Lucy. The two deformed girls had, I suppose, a kind of fellow-feeling for each other. Any way, the Yollands and Rosanna always appeared to get on together, at the few chances they had of meeting, in a pleasant and friendly manner. The fact of Sergeant Cuff having traced the girl to *their* cottage set the matter of my helping his inquiries in quite a new light. Rosanna had merely gone where she was in the habit of going; and to show that she had been in company with the fisherman and his family was as good as to prove that she had been innocently occupied, so far, at any rate. It would be doing that girl a service, therefore, instead of an injury, if I allowed myself to be convinced by Sergeant Cuff's logic. I professed myself convinced by it accordingly.

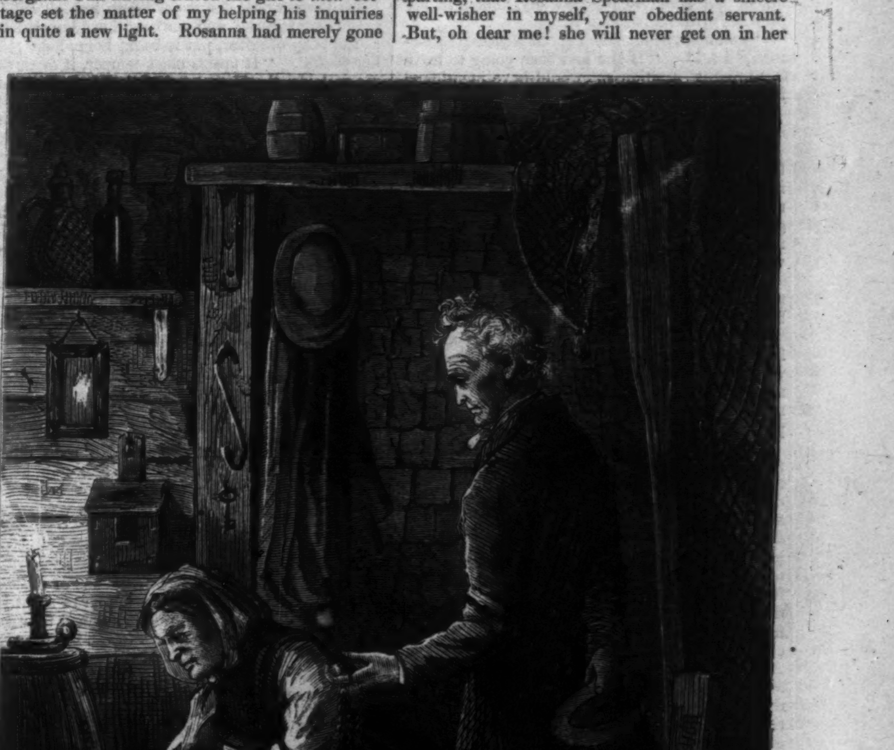
We went on to Cobb's Hole, seeing the footsteps on the sand, as long as the light lasted.

On reaching the cottage, the fisherman and his son proved to be out in the boat; and Limping Lucy, always weak and weary, was resting on her bed up stairs. Good Mrs. Yolland received us alone in her kitchen. When she heard that Sergeant Cuff was a celebrated character in London, she clapped a bottle of Dutch gin and a couple of clean pipes on the table, and stared as if she could never see enough of him.

I sat quiet in a corner, waiting to hear how the Sergeant would find his way to the subject of Rosanna Spearman. His usual roundabout manner of going to work proved, on this occasion, to be more roundabout than ever. How he managed it is more than I could tell at the time, and more than I can tell now. But this is certain, he began with the Royal Family, the Primitive Methodists, and the price of fish; and he got from that (in his dismal, underground way) to the loss of the Moonstone, the spitefulness of our first house-maid, and the hard behavior of the women-servants generally toward Rosanna Spearman. Having reached his subject in this fashion, he described himself as making his inquiries about the lost Diamond, partly with a view to find it, and partly for the purpose of clearing Rosanna from the unjust suspicions of her enemies in the house. In about a quarter of an hour from the time when we entered the kitchen good Mrs. Yolland was persuaded that she was talking to Rosanna's best friend, and was pressing Sergeant Cuff to comfort his stomach and revive his spirits out of the Dutch bottle.

Being firmly persuaded that the Sergeant was wasting his breath to no purpose on Mrs. Yolland, I sat enjoying the talk between them, much as I have sat, in my time, enjoying a stage play. The great Cuff showed a wonderful patience; trying his luck drearily this way and that way, and firing shot after shot, as it were, at random, on the chance of hitting the mark. Every thing to Rosanna's credit, nothing to Rosanna's prejudice—that was, how it ended, try as he might; with Mrs. Yolland talking nineteen to the dozen, and placing the most entire confidence in him. His last effort was made, when we had looked at our watches, and had got on our legs previous to taking leave.

"I shall now wish you good-night, ma'am," says the Sergeant. "And I shall only say, at parting, that Rosanna Spearman has a sincere well-wisher in myself, your obedient servant. But, oh dear me! she will never get on in her



"WEIGH IT IN YOUR HAND, SIR," SHE SAID TO THE SERGEANT.

present place; and my advice to her is—leave it."

"Bless your heart alive! she is *going* to leave it!" cries Mrs. Yolland. (Nota Bene—I translate Mrs. Yolland out of the Yorkshire language into the English language. When I tell you that the all-accomplished Cuff was every now and then puzzled to understand her until I helped him, you will draw your own conclusions as to what *your* state of mind would be if I reported her in her native tongue.)

Rosanna Spearman going to leave us! I pricked up my ears at that. It seemed strange, to say the least of it, that she should have given no warning, in the first place, to my lady or to me. A certain doubt came up in my mind whether Sergeant Cuff's last random shot might not have hit the mark. I began to question whether my share in the proceedings was quite as harmless a one as I had thought it. It might be all in the way of the Sergeant's business to mystify an honest woman by wrapping her round in a network of lies; but it was my duty to have remembered, as a good Protestant, that the father of lies is the Devil—and that mischief and the Devil are never far apart. Beginning to smell mischief in the air, I tried to take Sergeant Cuff out. He sat down again instantly, and asked for a last little drop of comfort out of the Dutch bottle. Mrs. Yolland sat down opposite to him, and gave him his nip. I went on to the door, excessively uncomfortable, and said I thought I must bid them good-night—and yet I didn't go.

"So she means to leave?" says the Sergeant. "What is she to do when she does leave? Sad, sad! The poor creature has got no friends in the world except you and me."

"Ah, but she has though!" says Mrs. Yolland. "She came in here, as I told you, this evening; and, after sitting and talking a little with my girl Lucy and me, she asked to go up stairs by herself into Lucy's room. It's the only room in our place where there's pen and ink. 'I want to write a letter to a friend,' she says, 'and I can't do it for the prying and the peeping of the servants up at the house.' Who the letter was written to I can't tell you: it must have been a mortal long one, judging by the time she stopped up stairs over it. I offered her a postage stamp when she came down. She hadn't got the letter in her hand, and she didn't accept the stamp. A little close, poor soul (as you know), about herself and her doings. But a friend she has got somewhere, I can tell you; and to that friend, you may depend upon it, she will go."

"Soon?" asked the Sergeant.

"As soon as she can," says Mrs. Yolland.

Here I stepped in again from the door. As chief of my lady's establishment I couldn't allow this sort of loose talk about a servant of ours going or not going to proceed any longer in my presence without noticing it.

"You must be mistaken about Rosanna Spearman," I said. "If she had been going to leave her present situation she would have mentioned it, in the first place, to *me*."

"Mistaken?" cries Mrs. Yolland. "Why, only an hour ago she bought some things she wanted for traveling—of my own self, Mr. Betteredge, in this very room. And that reminds me," says the wearisome woman, suddenly beginning to feel in her pocket, "of something I've got it on my mind to say about Rosanna and her money. Are you either of you likely to see her when you go back to the house?"

"I'll take a message to the poor thing, with the greatest pleasure," answered Sergeant Cuff, before I could put in a word edgewise.

Mrs. Yolland produced out of her pocket a few shillings and sixpences, and counted them out with a most particular and exasperating carefulness in the palm of her hand. She offered the money to the Sergeant, looking mighty loth to part with it all the while.

"Might I ask you to give this back to Rosanna, with my love and respects?" says Mrs. Yolland. "She insisted on paying me for the one or two things she took a fancy to this evening—and money's welcome enough in our house, I don't deny it. Still, I'm not easy in my mind about taking the poor thing's little savings. And to tell you the truth, I don't think my man would like to hear that I had taken Rosanna Spearman's money when he comes back to-morrow morning from his work. Please say she's heartily welcome to the things she bought of me—as a gift. And don't leave the money on the table," says Mrs. Yolland, putting it down suddenly before the Sergeant, as if it burnt her fingers—"don't, there's a good man! For times are hard, and flesh is weak; and I *might* feel tempted to put it back in my pocket again."

"Come along!" I said. "I can't wait any longer; I must go back to the house."

"I'll follow you directly," says Sergeant Cuff.

For the second time I went to the door; and, for the second time, try as I might, I couldn't cross the threshold.

"It's a delicate matter, ma'am," I heard the Sergeant say, "giving money back. You charged her cheap for the things, I'm sure?"

"Cheap!" says Mrs. Yolland. "Come and judge for yourself."

She took up the candle and led the Sergeant to a corner of the kitchen. For the life of me I couldn't help following them. Shaken down in the corner was a heap of odds and ends (mostly old metal) which the fisherman had picked up at different times from wrecked ships, and which he hadn't found a market for yet to his own mind. Mrs. Yolland dived into this rubbish, and brought up an old japanned tin case, with a cover to it, and a hasp to hang it up by—the sort of thing they use on board ship for keeping their maps and charts, and such like, from the wet.

"There!" says she. "When Rosanna came in this evening, she bought the fellow to that. 'It will just do,' she says, 'to put my cuffs and collars in, and keep them from being crumpled in my box.' One and ninepence, Mr. Cuff. As I live by bread, not a half-penny more!"

"Dirt cheap!" says the Sergeant, with a heavy sigh.

He weighed the case in his hand. I thought I heard a note or two of The Last Rose of Summer as he looked at it. There was no doubt now! He had made another discovery to the prejudice of Rosanna Spearman in the place of all others where I thought her character was safest, and all through me! I leave you to imagine what I felt, and how sincerely I repented having been the medium of introduction between Mrs. Yolland and Sergeant Cuff.

"That will do," I said. "We really must go."

Without paying the least attention to me Mrs. Yolland took another dive into the rubbish, and came up out of it, this time, with a dog chain.

"Weigh it in your hand, Sir," she said, to the Sergeant. "We had three of these; and Rosanna has taken two of them. 'What can you want, my dear, with a couple of dog's chains?' says I. 'If I join them together they'll go round my box nicely,' says she. 'Rope's cheapest,' says I. 'Chain's surest,' says she. 'Who ever heard of a box corded with chain?' says I. 'Oh, Mrs. Yolland, don't make objections!' says she; 'let me have my chains!' A strange girl, Mr. Cuff—good as gold, and kinder than a sister to my Lucy—but always a little strange. There! I humored her. Three and sixpence. On the word of an honest woman, three *and* sixpence, Mr. Cuff!"

"Each?" says the Sergeant.

"Both together!" says Mrs. Yolland. "Three and sixpence for the two."

"Given away, ma'am," says the Sergeant, shaking his head. "Clean given away!"

"There's the money," says Mrs. Yolland, getting back sideways to the little heap of silver on the table, as if it drew her in spite of herself. "The tin case and the dog chains were all she bought, and all she took away. One and ninepence and three and sixpence—total, five and three. With my love and respects—and I can't find it in my conscience to take a poor girl's savings, when she may want them herself."

"I can't find it in *my* conscience, ma'am, to give the money back," says Sergeant Cuff. "You have as good as made her a present of the things—you have indeed."

"Is that your sincere opinion, Sir?" says Mrs. Yolland, brightening up wonderfully.

"There can't be a doubt about it," answered the Sergeant. "Ask Mr. Betteredge."

It was no use asking *me*. All they got out of *me* was, "Good-night."

"Bother the money!" says Mrs. Yolland. With those words she appeared to lose all command over herself; and, making a sudden snatch at the heap of silver, put it back, holus-bolus, in her pocket. "It upsets one's temper, it does, to see it lying there, and nobody taking it," cries this unreasonable woman, sitting down with a thump, and looking at Sergeant Cuff, as much as to say, "It's in my pocket again now—get it out if you can!"

This time I not only went to the door but went fairly out on the road back. Explain it how you may, I felt as if one or both of them had mortally offended me. Before I had taken three steps down the village I heard the Sergeant behind me.

"Thank you for your introduction, Mr. Betteredge," he said. "I am indebted to the fisherman's wife for an entirely new sensation. Mrs. Yolland has puzzled me."

It was on the tip of my tongue to have given him a sharp answer, for no better reason than this—that I was out of temper with him, because I was out of temper with myself. But when he owned to being puzzled, a comforting doubt crossed my mind whether any great harm had been done after all. I waited in discreet silence to hear more.

"Yes," says the Sergeant, as if he was actually reading my thoughts in the dark. "Instead of putting me on the scent, it may console you to know, Mr. Betteredge (with your interest in Rosanna), that you have been the means of throwing me off. What the girl has done to-night is clear enough, of course. She has joined the two chains, and has fastened them to the hasp in the tin case. She has sunk the case, in the water or in the quicksand. She has made the loose end of the chain fast to some place under the rocks, known only to herself. And she will leave the case secure at its anchorage till the present proceedings have come to an end; after which she can privately pull it up again out of its hiding-place, at her own leisure and convenience. All perfectly plain, so far. But," says the Sergeant, with the first tone of impatience in his voice that I had heard yet, "the mystery is—what the devil has she hidden in the tin case?"

I thought to myself, "The Moonstone!" But I only said to Sergeant Cuff, "Can't you guess?"

"It's not the Diamond," says the Sergeant. "The whole experience of my life is at fault if Rosanna Spearman has got the Diamond."

On hearing those words the infernal detective-fever began, I suppose, to burn in me again. At any rate, I forgot myself in the interest of guessing this new riddle. I said rashly, "The stained dress!"

Sergeant Cuff stopped short in the dark, and laid his hand on my arm.

"Is any thing thrown into that quicksand of yours ever thrown up on the surface again?" he asked.

"Never," I answered. "Light or heavy, whatever goes into the Shivering Sand is sucked down and seen no more."

"Does Rosanna Spearman know that?"

"She knows it as well as I do."

"Then," says the Sergeant, "what on earth has she got to do but to tie up a bit of stone in the stained dress and throw it into the quicksand? There isn't the shadow of a reason why she should have hidden it—and yet she *must* have hidden it. Query," says the Sergeant, walking on again, "is the paint-stained dress a petticoat or a night-gown? or is it something else which there is a reason for preserving at any risk? Mr. Betteredge, if nothing occurs to prevent it, I must go to Frizinghall to-morrow, and discover what she bought in the town, when she privately got the materials for making the substitute dress. It's a risk to leave the house as things are now—but it's a worse risk still to stir another step in this matter in the dark. Excuse my being a little out of temper; I'm degraded in my own estimation—I have let Rosanna Spearman puzzle me."

When we got back the servants were at supper. The first person we saw in the outer yard was the policeman whom Superintendent Seegrave had left at the Sergeant's disposal. The Sergeant asked if Rosanna Spearman had returned. Yes. When? Nearly an hour since. What had she done? She had gone up stairs to take off her bonnet and cloak—and she was now at supper quietly with the rest.

Without making any remark Sergeant Cuff walked on, sinking lower and lower in his own estimation, to the back of the house. Missing the entrance in the dark he went on (in spite of my calling to him) till he was stopped by a wicket-gate which led into the garden. When I joined him to bring him back by the right way I found that he was looking up attentively at one particular window, on the bedroom floor, at the back of the house.

Looking up in my turn I discovered that the object of his contemplation was the window of Miss Rachel's room, and that lights were passing backward and forward there as if something unusual was going on.

"Isn't that Miss Verinder's room?" asked Sergeant Cuff.

I replied that it was, and invited him to go in with me to supper. The Sergeant remained in his place, and said something about enjoying the smell of the garden at night. I left him to his enjoyment. Just as I was turning in at the door I heard The Last Rose of Summer at the wicket-gate. Sergeant Cuff had made another discovery! And my young lady's window was at the bottom of it this time!

That latter reflection took me back again to the Sergeant, with a polite intimation that I could not find it in my heart to leave him by himself. "Is there any thing you don't understand up there?" I added, pointing to Miss Rachel's window.

Judging by his voice, Sergeant Cuff had suddenly risen again to the right place in his own estimation. "You are great people for betting in Yorkshire, are you not?" he asked.

"Well?" I said. "Suppose we are?"

"If I was a Yorkshireman," proceeded the Sergeant, taking my arm, "I would lay you an even sovereign, Mr. Betteredge, that your young lady has suddenly resolved to leave the house. If I won on that event, I should offer to lay another sovereign that the idea has occurred to her within the last hour."

The first of the Sergeant's guesses startled me. The second mixed itself up somehow in my head with the report we had heard from the policeman, that Rosanna Spearman had returned from the sands within the last hour. The two together had a curious effect on me as we went in to supper. I shook off Sergeant Cuff's arm, and, forgetting my manners, pushed by him through the door to make my own inquiries for myself.

Samuel, the footman, was the first person I met in the passage.

"Her ladyship is waiting to see you and Sergeant Cuff," he said, before I could put any questions to him.

"How long has she been waiting?" asked the Sergeant's voice behind me.

"For the last hour, Sir."

There it was again! Rosanna had come back; Miss Rachel had taken some resolution out of the common; and my lady had been waiting to see the Sergeant—all within the last hour! It was not pleasant to find these very different persons and things linking themselves together in this way. I went on up stairs, without looking at Sergeant Cuff or speaking to him. My hand took a sudden fit of trembling as I lifted it to knock at my mistress's door.

"I shouldn't be surprised," whispered the Sergeant over my shoulder, "if a scandal was to burst up in the house to-night. Don't be alarmed! I have put the muzzle on worse family difficulties than this in my time."

As he said the words I heard my mistress's voice calling to us to come in.

MY VALENTINE'S STORY.

PART I.

HOW I MET MY VALENTINE.

I WAS at Combe Minor, which had been my home from my birth. My father had died seven years before last Valentine's Day, and left my mother, with a daughter by her first husband just ten years my senior, and myself. Seven years ago from last Valentine's Day I was sixteen years of age, and Julia Moore, my step-sister, was six-and-twenty. But my father had a son by an earlier marriage, and when this son came to take possession of Combe Minor he came as a widower, bringing Bertrand, Oliver, and Jack with him. A year after our father's death my half-brother married Julia Moore; and a year before the day when I stood, as I have said, on the door-step of Combe Minor, my mother had married her third husband, Sir Godfrey Selby, and they were keeping St. Valentine's Day in Northumberland, amidst wind and snow. No wonder that, on every account, I preferred the soft Devonshire air and the sweet flowers of our sunny home. So I was twenty-three and Bertrand was fifteen, and not my Valentine, because he was my nephew: and so we started on our early walk. There was a winding drive by the edge of the wood, where rock cropped out, and holly glittered, and the willow had begun to show golden buds. This drive led by the moss well and the old quarry, so picturesquely planted with larch, to the north lodge; and Bertie and I trod the way gayly, our steps making crisp echoing sounds in the clear, frosty air, and the birds singing in the sun that set all Nature sparkling.

The old fancy, that the first man we met was to be my Valentine for the ensuing year, made fun for Bertie, who, being a very merry-hearted, and also a very clever boy, kept me laughing in spite of the mock indignation with which I had to meet some of his most daring imaginations.

"You'll never be married this year. Oh, Gracey! 'Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo!' Eh! who's that?"

We had just caught sight of the lodge, and we saw a stranger standing, as if irresolute. The stranger then knocked at the lodge-door and walked in.

"Now, fair play, dear, good, unfortunate Aunt Gracey. It won't do unless he comes out, and walks on, and meets us honestly. The first you *meet*, not *see*. You are out of luck—you are—no!"

And here the stranger reappeared, and walked toward us quite as unwaveringly and with as much intention as could be expected of any Valentine under any circumstances throughout the whole "West Countrie."

"All right!" said Bertie, in a low voice; "don't flinch. Bear up bravely, Gracey. I'll stand by you. It will be all over in a moment. Look him in the face, that you may know him again."

I could have beaten the boy for the drollery he threw into his small impertinences, for I could not keep my face grave, and the stranger was a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, walking straight in the middle of the road, and inspecting us with very evident attention.

"Hold your tongue, Bertie!"

"Don't be agitated—keep your self-possession. Trust in me—guide, philosopher, and friend!"

Here we were brought to a stand suddenly by the stranger stopping close before us and saying, "Bertrand Lawrence! I know your name. I asked at the lodge." Then he took off his hat to me.

My Valentine looked five-and-thirty years of age, with a face a good deal bronzed, and very dark hair. He had a mustache but no whisker nor beard; he was what any body might call handsome, and he had an indescribable look of power about him. I don't mean bodily strength, though he had that too. But he had a certain sweetness of expression on his somewhat massive face, as if he was gentle with the gentleness of one who could play with life because he had tamed it into submission to him. All this struck me as he lifted his hat, and said, "Miss Lawrence." Then he went on, speaking to Bertie. "Is your father at home? I am called Deverel—James Deverel. Do you know my name?"

"Major Deverel is expected on a visit to my father next week."

"Yes. I wrote and said I would come. I was then engaged this week to the Robertsons, near Torquay. But they telegraphed to me at Lord Marston's to say they had illness in the house, and had been put in quarantine—couldn't have me. So I came here straight. It will be an early 'morning-call' if you can't take me in. I have left my luggage at the station."

By this time Major Deverel was walking with us toward the house. He soon said, "Do you always walk as early as this, Miss Lawrence?"

I could not help stammering; but Bertie spoke honestly. "It's the best joke in the world. We made an engagement last night to walk out together to-day early. Valentine's Day, you know. The first man Aunt Grace met was to be her Valentine. We west-country people believe all kinds of superstitions, and that is one. We promised to tell the truth to Oliver and Jack, which was but fair, as we had refused their company. Now we shall carry you back as proof positive; the Valentine not only seen, but captured and brought home. You are Grace's Valentine, Major Deverel, and I hope you will do your year's service properly."

Major Deverel stood still. He looked at Bertie, and he looked at me. "I had never thought of it!" he said. "Valentine's Day! Well, so it is! Valentine's Day—never thought of it once, even."

His manner was very strange. I saw that it was provocative of Bertie's mirth, so I began to talk to Major Deverel of Devonshire customs, and the odd fancies that we kept in remembrance in our old-fashioned place.

Major Deverel got as good a welcome as any man could have desired. He and my brother had been at school together. My brother had gone to Cambridge, then to the bar, and had been going the Western Circuit, when his friend, Frank Deverel, had been sent off to hard fighting in India. They had seen each other but seldom, but had corresponded without intermission; and now it was pleasant to see my brother of forty years of age and his friend, a few years younger, standing with grasped hands, looking in each other's faces, recalling old memories, both very happy in the old friendship so faithfully cherished and so suddenly gratified by this pleasant appearance on Valentine's Day.

We had breakfast; and after breakfast I heard Major Deverel say how strangely fast my brother had seemed to run through life—only forty, and twice married; with three boys, and an eldest son shooting up into manhood. "Why, *my* life," he said, "has got to begin—my *home* life, I mean;

at least, I hope so. After all," he said, "the great struggle of youth carried into battle-fields full of danger, fuller of thought, and a responsibility that shuts *self* out of one's mind, is not the life that a man looks forward to. The patriarchal vine-and-fig-tree life advances upon one in a sort of vision, and claims one's sympathy. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "and comes in some of men's best moments, I think." I felt quite touched. I confessed that my Valentine entertained some most admirable sentiments. "But I should not have liked to begin so early, though," he said, with an honesty of tone and manner that made me hate him. In fact, before luncheon-time Major Deverel had greatly puzzled me, and I had said to myself, "There is something odd about him." He kept on betraying the drollest sort of interest in this Valentine's Day, and once, in the most unaccountable manner, wondered what would happen before the end of it.

"Nothing more extraordinary than an assemblage of friends in the evening," said Julia, with her pretty, quiet, captivating smile. I was pleased to see that Major Deverel admired her.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a party of friends; would you tell me all about them?"

And then he sat down by Julia's work-table, and cut open the leaves of a book in a peculiarly careful and knowing way, which made me, once more, entertain a good opinion of my Valentine. He heard about Lawsons and Robertses, Colvilles, Drakes, and Markingtons; and asked questions as to sex, age, family, fortune—once more he was growing unaccountably odd; and once more he wondered out loud that it should be Valentine's Day. "Valentine's Day! Never thought of it!" and when he ended by saying, with every mark of astonishment, "And eighteen hundred and sixty-six, too," I really thought him crazy.

Before dinner I had been both charmed and bewildered by our new guest several times. I liked, I disliked, I wondered; but with all I think I admired.

When we had assembled for dinner in our smart clothes I thought Major Deverel the finest-looking man I had ever seen—my Valentine was a man to be proud of. We ladies left the dinner-table early, for we had some little arrangements to make for the entertainment of the guests who were expected in the evening. We had not been many minutes out of the dining-room when the three boys rushed out, and joined us in the morning-room where our friends were to have tea on their arrival.

"Oh, Grace, he is the best fellow going. He will do any thing—every thing—we will have charades!"

I asked, "Did Major Deverel propose charades?"

"Oh no; you can't get him to propose any thing. I go with the stream on Valentine's Day," he said.

Our boys were very fond of acting, and with very little help from others they and I had got up several successful charades that winter. They were all *impromptu* characters. We fixed on our word and how the syllables should be expressed, and then left all the acting and the dialogue to the inspiration of the moment. I knew the boys wished for charades, and of course I knew they would have all their wishes as far as possible fulfilled. They had been brought up on the very (not over) indulgent principle, and were not the least spoilt by it. So charades we were to have, and Major Deverel was to act with us.

"Had he ever acted?" "Hundreds of times, no doubt." "Had he ever acted *impromptu* charades?" "Nobody knows. But no matter. He agrees to every thing—says he would not advise, nor contradict, nor suggest, nor refuse, nor doubt, nor run away—can you want more than that? Don't be afraid, Gracey. Let us fix on a word."

But I was afraid. Our friends were arriving; a dozen people were in the drawing-room already. I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself with my Valentine, who had several times treated this Valentine's Day as being a serious epoch in his life, and as something to be endured with vague wonderings, and an odd anxiety which he tried to hide with gay words; but which was something quite real, and, as it seemed to me, very plain to see, and altogether impossible to account for.

More carriages, more bell-ringing, more greetings, more tea! My battle with Bertie was lost. I was defeated. We were to have charades; and the first word to be acted was to be *Fearful*, out of compliment to me. "You are in that unreasonable state of agitation that you will scarcely need to act any thing, Gracey." I could only sit and smile; I was beaten, and very amiable under my misfortune.

Now the room in which we acted was a long drawing-room. Standing at the top of this room, if you looked down its length of over thirty-three feet you saw two doors; one was at the end of the room on the right hand and led into a library, the other at the side, as far down as could be, and led into the hall. Our only preparation for our favorite pastime was to bring into the room two large screens. They were so placed as to divide off the end of the room which was to be our stage, and to hide the two doors by which we came on and went off. The middle space between the screens was marked off by a row of wax-lights on the floor, and a fence made by long, low, wire guards which had been contrived for the purpose. The only peculiarity of this drawing-room arose from the fact of its having been made by throwing two rooms together, by which means there were two fire-places. One was at the end opposite our stage, the other in the centre of the left-hand side, and opposite the windows. They had grates and chimney-pieces exactly alike, and each had a looking-glass which reached up to the cornice of the room. The glass over the side chimney-piece could be seen perfectly by the actors, and when at the farther end of the stage our "situations" were reflected in it.

Before the charade began I spoke to Major Deverel. "The syllable *fear* is to be a scene with banditti, you know; you are to be just entering the stage from the library. I, and my friends, and our maid, are to come on the stage in a state of terror, the banditti having robbed us and turned us out of our carriage. I rush up to you to save us—and you"—he was listening with the drollest half-smile on his attentive face. I know I looked alarmed for the success of any acting that he might be concerned in, and he read my thoughts exactly.

"Don't be frightened before the time," he said. "I won't arrange any thing. Whatever you may do I shall do exactly as I ought to do. I mean, as I should do if so placed in real life. Now go—Bertie is making signs for you."

What outrageous, silly confidence! And yet he spoke so pleasantly that I could not scold.

Bertie was in full power; a blazing interest in the work to be begun instantly glowed in his handsome face, and he said, "Oh, Major, have you pistols? Ah, you have changed your coat." I then saw that he had a cloak on, and pistols strapped round him. "Your father dressed me," he said. "I have not done any thing myself. I go with the stream this Valentine's Day, and make the best of the place on which the stream may land me; that is all I am going to do."

I can only add to this record of our conversation that I was more puzzled than ever by Major Deverel's words and manner, and found myself on the stage informing my audience, by means of a talk with my friends, that we had left our traveling-carriage for the luxury of an afternoon walk while proceeding toward Naples on an October day.

Off we went, and on came the banditti by the library door behind us. Their evil intentions were announced in the same fashion, and they passed off as we had. The stage was then occupied by Major Deverel, supposed to be on a walking expedition. From the cries of alarm—the clash of weapons—we women rushed back to the stage. The maid on her knees in a paroxysm of fright, the friend fainting on the top of the maid, and I rushing up to Major Deverel crying "Save us!"

Then in a moment a grand tableau was formed. I found myself within the Major's strong left arm; and I confess I struggled, for I had not intended my rush to end in such harborage. But I was a mere feather compared to his strength. With a power which I don't forget he drew me closer to him, and held me caged within the bend of his iron arm. I glanced up to his face. What a face it was! His right arm was stretched out, and the pistol in his hand cowed the chief of the banditti, Master Bertie, who looked mesmerized under the earnest, glowing face, and steady, triumphant eye. No one ever saw a more real thing than Major Deverel's attitude and expression; the curtain dropped amidst immense applause, and I was released with a quiet smile. He put his pistol into his belt, and said, as if to himself, "The queerest thing in the world. I'm glad it's over, though!"

"What is queer, and what is over?" I said—we were rearranging ourselves in the library now. He answered, "By-and-by—by-and-by."

The word "*full*" was acted by a busy postman delivering valentines to a crowd who met him, and from whose full bags they filled pockets, baskets, brown-paper parcels. It was made a very merry scene by the boys and all the young friends, who made the gathering crowd till the stage was full, and the curtain dropped again.

The whole word was a recounting of the banditti danger to a nervous lady excellently acted by Mary Drake, who really worked herself up to a very fearful state while I told the story as well as her nerves allowed and the perpetual interruptions, caused by the remedies she so constantly called for, permitted.

There were two more charades, but the Major's acting—the force, the interest, the expression he had put into his part—formed the topic of the night. Every body had "felt it so!" That was the general experience; it found expression in many words, and the Major's praises reached him of course. All the answer he made was, "I never acted in my life—never took part in any charade before."

PART II.

A SOLDIER'S WOOING.

WHEN all our friends had gone, and we were alone, standing about in the supper-room, my brother told Major Deverel again that he had never seen such acting as in that first charade, adding, "I am very glad we had you to do it."

"So am I," was the brief answer. "But to me it was not acting. For one moment I saw, reflected in the great glass over your side fire-place, the whole scene. It was in every particular the counterpart of something I had seen before. I dare say I looked in earnest. I never felt more solemnly stirred. I never wanted all the courage I could command more than at that moment when you all clapped and praised us. When the curtain dropped, by Jove! how glad I was!"

"Well now I am sure he *is* mad," was my whisper, as I refreshed myself with a glass of wine offered gallantly by Bertie; but Julia seemed to think differently.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "May we not know all about it? Won't you tell us? You have no idea how real that moment seemed. Do tell us—tell us now."

"If you please," Major Deverel said. So we sat down, and he began.

"It is a very strange story, and I am not going to try to account for it. I shall leave you to do that if you choose to try. I shall tell facts in few words—so here I begin. Some years ago I was at Constantinople. I was with a party of friends, and others joined us. We were all 'on leave' of one sort or other and ready to enjoy ourselves; and we all messed together at a French tavern in the suburb called Pera, where we lived and enjoyed ourselves greatly. We were a party of nine as nearly as I can recollect; English, French, Irish, and Scotch; I was the only Englishman, I know.

"One day I remarked that a very intelligent Scotchman was silent, and apparently distressed, at our dinner; and afterward I was told by a French friend of his, with whom I was walking on the height that overlooks the magnificent harbor and the Golden Horn, that the Scotchman had done a foolish thing—perhaps worse, a wrong thing, explained the Frenchman—he had been in a spirit of fun to ask about his future of a Turk who practiced necromancy, and he had come away sad, silent, and puzzled. It was said that this sorcerer, if he was one, could show in a sort of vision any moment of your future life that you liked to ask for. But if you fixed on a moment in the future beyond the term of your life, you beheld only a hideous blank—I say hideous, because the blank had an effect of the most desolating description on all who beheld it. There was only darkness and nothingness. The end of the room seemed to be gone, and all things gone with it; and some strong men had been said to have fainted when this revelation of utter loss had been made to them. Such a revelation had been suffered by our Scotch friend. He had asked to see what that moment would be on that day two years, and had been answered by the awful darkness I have mentioned. After a day or two I determined to go to this sorcerer myself. I told my French friend, who tried, but in vain, to dissuade me. I would not listen. He refused to go with me, so I took an Irishman, a general favorite, with me. He was called O'Neil. I don't know why I went. I think I felt it would do Patterson, the Scotchman, good if a few of us were in a similar predicament with himself. I know I had no belief whatever in these prophetic visions being true. O'Neil and I paid our visit to the 'Wise Man' on Valentine's Day. It was at night—or rather in the evening—in fact, just before nine o'clock. No difficulty of any kind was made. I put down gold—half a sovereign, for I was going to do it as cheaply as I could. He said, 'Double that; you will require more than one vision.' I said shortly that I only wanted one; and that O'Neil would be with me. He told me to take back the gold, for to have O'Neil with me was impossible. I agreed then to go by myself, and we went up stairs. The man lived in such a house as the more opulent Turks inhabit—built round a court, where a fountain played very lazily. I remember that the drip of the water seemed to add to the strange silence in this man's dwelling rather than to disturb it. Every drop was heard so perfectly, telling of the unnatural quiet, as the ticking of a clock tells of the silent passage of time. We went through the court together, up a great marble staircase, and through a passage where the walls were painted and inlaid in places with ivory, jasper, and mother-o'-pearl in the most tasteless, ignorant way. We got at last into a great room like a gallery, perfectly dark except for a circle of small lamps that burned about two feet from the floor in the centre of the room, as nearly as I could guess. In a moment I got accustomed to the dim light, and then I saw that the 'Wise Man' was standing at the very farthest end, and holding out his arm to me. He had before told me only to speak when he spoke to me. Presently he said, 'Ask for the moment you wish to see.' I said, 'This time next year.' I felt the room grow warmer. I perceived a highly fragrant scent as of some sweet wood burning; then the end of the room grew brighter and brighter, something as you may see at sunrise, though the light was less glowing, and then, by degrees, like a thing being revealed out of the wavy light and the receding darkness, I saw a distinct scene—a scene which, but for its perfect stillness, no one could have distinguished from real life. There were two men on the ground; one was dead—I had never seen him then—the other was myself, apparently dying. An Indian was on his knees trying to stanch the blood that flowed from a wound which I could not see. I looked at it steadily. I took in every particular—more people appeared in hazy outlines, and a horse—then the minute was over, and the whole was gone. The man was at my side before I knew that he had left the place where I had last seen him, and he spoke: 'You wish for another?' I said, 'I don't know—wait.' 'Don't speak till you are spoken to. I will ask you again soon.'

"In this silent interval I wondered with myself what it was wisest to do. The question, 'Did I die?'—or 'Shall I die?' I suppose I ought to say—was so strong within me that I felt it would be best, at all risks, to answer it. If the next sight gave me the dismal blank I should know what I feared—if not, I should fear no more. It was best to know. So when I was asked, 'Will you see more?' I said, 'Yes.' 'What moment shall it be?' The voice came again from the farthest corner. I said, 'This time five years.' And it came."

"What came?" asked my brother.

"Why this night—the moment when I held her in with my left arm and pointed my pistol at Bertie."

"Did you see Bertie?"

"I saw only myself and a woman just as she was. I knew the cloak when you put it on me. As I covered the lad with the pistol I caught the flash of the lock in the looking-glass, and one glance gave me the scene complete, myself with my pistol pointed, and your sister in my arms. When I had seen this scene, too, fade away, the sorcerer said, 'You will see another?' But I answered, 'No. I shall carve out my life for myself in spite of you,' and I came away."

"And is this night the very night—the fifth anniversary?"

"Yes, it is. I never thought of it till I met you to-day in the drive, and Bertie said it was Valentine's Day."

"And what of the first scene—did that come to pass?" asked Julia.

"Yes. That very day year at the same hour. I was stationed at Quebec. We had been out on a hunting excursion with some friendly Indians. A hostile tribe knew of us, and some of them on horseback came upon us. One man was killed, and the flow of blood from withdrawing an arrow with which I had been wounded made me so faint that, till an Indian stanched it by making a tourniquet with a handkerchief, I could not be moved. You will not wonder now at my having betrayed my interest in all that to-day might bring to me, and in my saying I would do nothing—that I would go with the stream. I really do believe that, in unbelieving nations, some sort of 'black art' is practiced still."

Here this strange story ended, and we went to bed, and some of us dreamed of it.

The next morning, which was as bright as the preceding one, I met Major Deverel in the hall. It was my office to make breakfast. He stood by me. The clock struck nine.

"About this hour yesterday I met you in the drive. It struck nine when I was making inquiries at the lodge."

There was something odd in his manner, I thought. I said, "My sister and brother are late this morning."

"Tired with my long story?" he said.

"Not very long, but very strange."

"Let's make it as long as we can," he said—"till death us do part?"

And his pleasant, promising eyes were upon me.

"Oh, Major Deverel, it is only *twenty-four hours!* 'A soldier's wooing—'"

"I should like nothing so much in the world!" said a voice—not mine. My brother had come in, and hearing the last words had answered them.

And certainly, before twelve o'clock, I had said a sort of "Yes," but balanced by as many "ifs" as I craftily thought would serve to make it "No" whenever I pleased. And now, as I think of it, I remember that my husband did not pay as much attention to those "ifs" as I intended. He afterward even denied that he had heard them at all.

PLEASANT TALK *vs.* GOOD LOOKS.

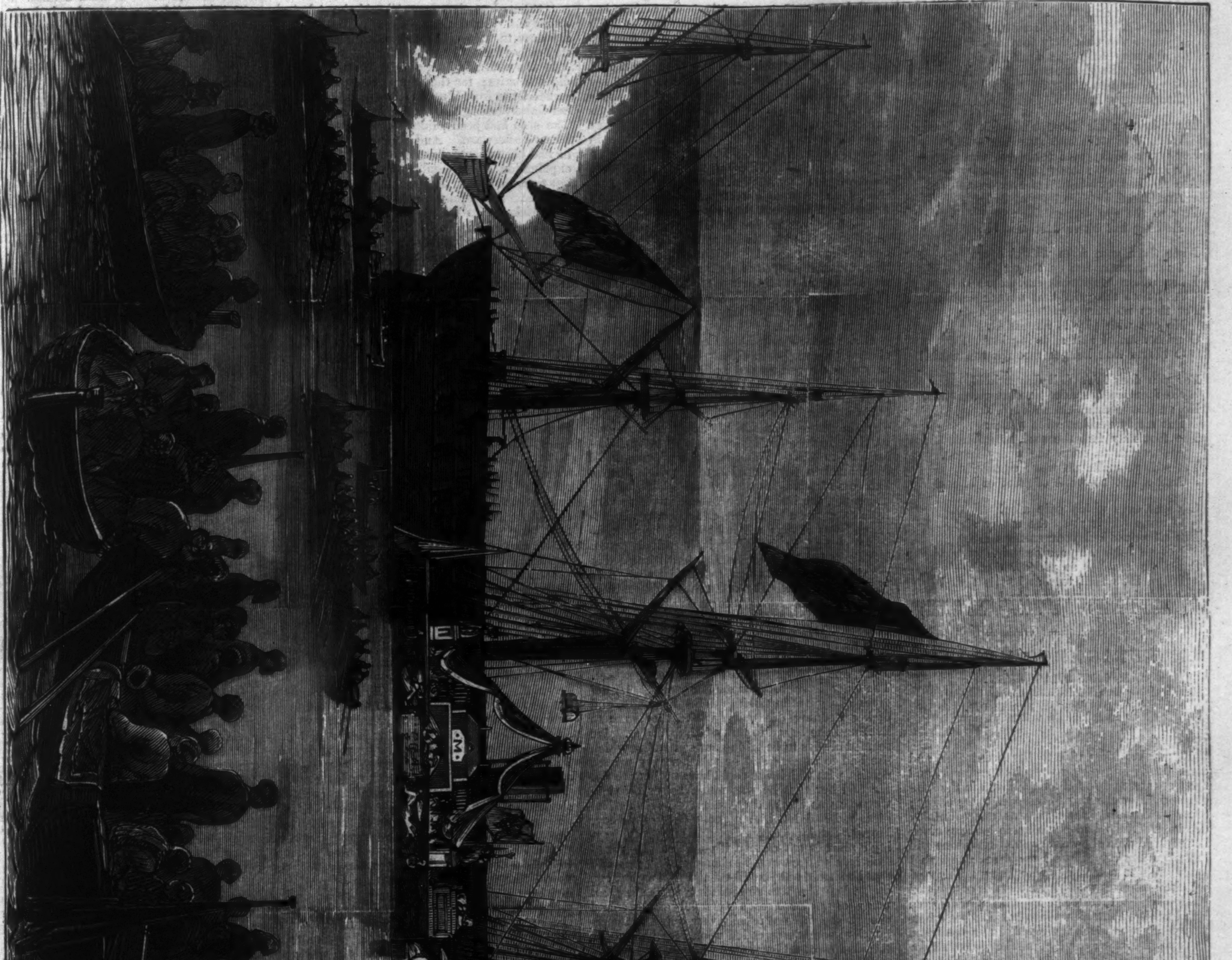
HOWEVER much Mr. Carlyle and others (who, by-the-by, are themselves rather voluminous in their literary works—and what are those but Speech set down in writing?) may depreciate talk, it is certain that it is the possession of this faculty which places that gulf between us and the brute creation which Mr. Darwin finds it most difficult to bridge over. It is talk which initiates all our ends; to Love, to Friendship, it is almost always the tongue which is the Gateway. The preservation of a young woman from the pursuit of a mad bull, or the rescue of a fellow-creature from drowning, are opportunities that do not take place in real life so often as in novels. The manly yet conciliatory expression of an opinion, the eloquent eulogy of a pursuit, or the witty defense of a pastime; in short, a few well-chosen words, well spoken, upon any subject, form the best introduction to our fellow-creatures, and do more to attract them to us than any natural advantage, except, indeed, the personal beauty of a woman. It is the knowledge of the power of this latter charm which makes pretty women commonly such foolish Talkers. They have only to show their faces to win at once, not only the audiences of the wise and witty, but (supposing at least they are of the masculine gender) the wise and witty themselves. Why, then, they argue, should we cultivate the powers of speech, when our eyes and lips are more eloquent than others' tongues? A question, however difficult it may be to answer *now* convincingly, to which they will one day receive a terribly conclusive reply.

The good looks of a man, as squinting Wilkes said, only avail him with a woman, against one better skilled in the art of conversation, for the first quarter of an hour; and with one of his own sex, it may be added, for a considerably less space of time. It was not by his pretty spots and gorgeous scales that the serpent persuaded Eve, but by the flicker of his forked tongue. It is much easier to captivate women, however, than to produce a favorable impression on men. The former have almost always some enthusiasm to be sympathized with, some accomplishment to be flattered, and they are eager to exhibit their likes and dislikes; the latter are often undemonstrative, and even suspicious. It is as difficult to please them as to tickle trout.

THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND is at once a prison, an asylum, and a hospital; it has cells for criminals, a garden for the insane, and a temporary tomb for the diseased. When a man has paid the natural penalty of dissipation, and is so bankrupt in health and pocket—incurably diseased and unequivocally poor—that even Death disdains to strike him, he is sent, at the city's expense, to disappear and die at the "Hospital for Incurables" on Blackwell's Island. Several hundred poor shattered wrecks of humanity—male and female—are here provided with refuge—a sort of half-way house between Vanity Fair and Potter's Field. The scene portrayed in our illustration on page 136 is one of frequent occurrence. Visitors to the Hospital are numerous; and most of those who visit the Island carry provisions and other creature comforts for the afflicted residents.

SCENE IN THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 135.]



ARRIVAL OF THE BODY OF PRINCE MAXIMILIAN OF MIRAMAR AT TRIESTE, JANUARY 16, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 132.]

THROUGH THE WORLD.

SOME hearts go hungering through the world
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep, nor pray—
While others, not so sadly wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks:
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks:
For them no might redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impearled.
O misconstrued and suffering long,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountained shade, no date-grove fair,
No gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare.
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

O eager eyes which gaze afar!
O arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

MY NEIGHBOR NELLY.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

NELLY paid her visit to her godmother, and came back; and spring wore into summer, and the trees were all in full foliage again in the Dingle, and the cricketers had returned to the Green; but still Captain Llewellyn was unaccountably detained. Nelly had come home looking much better than when she went away. His name still disturbed her composure I could see; though I don't suppose a stranger who knew nothing of the circumstances would have found it out. And when Martha threatened us with a visit from him her sister shrank up into herself; but otherwise Nelly was much improved. She recovered her cheerful ways; she became the soul of all our friendly parties again. I said to myself that I had been a truer prophet than I had the least hope of; and that she was not the sort of girl to let herself be crushed in any such way. But she never spoke to me of her sister's marriage, nor of her sister's betrothed. I mentioned the matter one day when we were alone, cruelly and of set purpose, to see what she would say. "When your sister is married, and you are married," I said, "it will be very dull both for the Admiral and me."

"I shall never marry," said Nelly, with a sudden closing up and veiling of all her brightness which was more expressive than words. "I don't know about Sister; but you need not weave any such visions for me."

"All girls say so till their time comes," said I, with an attempt to be playful; "but why do you say you don't know about Martha? she must be married before long, of course?"

"I suppose so," said Nelly, and then she stopped short; she would not add another word; but afterward, when we were all together, she broke out suddenly. Martha's conversation at this period was very much occupied with her marriage. I suppose it was quite natural. In my young days girls were shy of talking much on that subject; but things are changed now. Martha talked of it continually: of when dear Ellis could come; of his probable desire that the wedding should take place at once; of her determination to have two months at least to prepare her trousseau; of where they would go after the marriage. She discussed every thing, without the smallest idea, poor girl, of what was passing in the minds of the listeners. At last, after hearing a great deal of this for a long time, Nelly suddenly burst forth:

"How strange it would be, after all, if we were to turn out a couple of old maids!" she cried, "and never to marry at all. The two old sisters! with chairs on each side of the fire, and great authorities in the village. How droll it would be! and not so very unlikely after all."

"Speak for yourself!" cried Martha, indignantly. "It is very unlikely so far as I am concerned. I am as good as married already. As for you, you can do what you please—"

"Yes, I can do what I please," said Nelly, with a curious ring in her voice; and then she added: "But I should not wonder if we were both old maids after all."

"She is very queer," Martha said to me when her sister had left the room, in an aggrieved tone. "She does not mean it, of course; but I don't like it, Mrs. Mulgrave. It does not seem lucky. Why should she take it into her head about our being old maids? I am as good as married now."

"Yes," I said, vaguely. I could not give any assent more cordial. And then she resumed her anticipations. But I saw in a moment what Nelly meant. This was how she thought it was to end. It was a romantic girl's notion, but happily she was too young to think how unlikely it was. No doubt she saw a vision of the two maiden sisters, and of one who would be their devoted friend, but who could never marry either. That was the explanation she had put in her heart upon his abrupt departure and his many delays. He had made a fatal mistake, and its consequences were to last all his life. They were all three, all their lives long, to continue in the same mind. He could never marry either of them; and neither of them, none of the three, were ever to be tempted to marry another. And thus, in a pathetic climax of faithfulness and delicate self-sacrifice, they were to grow old and die. Nelly was no longer miserable when she had framed this ideal in her mind. It seemed to her the most natural solution of the difficulty. The romance, instead of ending in a prosaic marriage, was to last all their lives. And the eldest of them, Llewellyn himself, was but seven-and-twenty! Poor Nelly thought it the most likely thing in the world.

If she had consulted me I could have told her of something much more likely—something which very soon dawned upon the minds of most people at Dinglefield Green. It was that a certain regiment had come back to the barracks which were not very far from our neighborhood. Before Captain Llewellyn made his appearance among us, there had been a Major Frost who "paid attention" to Martha; and he did not seem at all disinclined to pay attention to her now that he had come back. Though he was told of her engagement, the information seemed to have very little effect upon him. He came over perpetually, and was always at hand to ride, or walk, or drive, or flirt, as the young ladies felt disposed. Before he had been back a fortnight it seemed to me that Martha had begun to talk less about dear Ellis. By degrees she came the length of confessing that dear Ellis wrote very seldom. I had found out that fact for myself, but she had never made any reference to it before. I watched her with an interest which surpassed every other interest in my life at that moment. I forgot even Nelly, and took no notice of her in comparison. The elder sister absorbed me altogether. By degrees she gave up talking of her marriage, and of her wedding-dress, and where they were to live; and she began to talk of Major Frost. He seemed always to be telling her something which she had to repeat; and he told her very private details, with which she could have nothing to do. He told her that he was much better off than when he was last at the Green. Somebody had died and had left him a great deal of money. He was thinking of leaving the army, and buying a place in our county, if possible. He asked Martha's advice where he should go. "It is odd that he should tell you all this," I said to her one day, when she was re-confiding to me a great many of Major Frost's personal affairs; and though she was not usually very quick of apprehension, something called upon Martha's cheek the shadow of a blush.

"I think it is quite natural," she said; "we are such old friends; and then he knows I am engaged. I always thought he was very nice—didn't you? I don't think he will ever marry," Martha added, with a certain pathos. "He says he could never have married but one woman; and he can't have her now. He was poor when he was last here, you know."

"And who was the woman he could have married?" said I.

"Oh, of course I did not ask him," said Martha, with modest consciousness. "Poor fellow! it would have been cruel to ask him. It is hard that he should have got his money just after I—I mean after she was engaged."

"It is hard that money should always be at the bottom of every thing," said I. And though it was the wish nearest to my heart that Martha should forget and give up Llewellyn, still I was angry with her for what she said. But that made no difference. She was not bright enough to know that her faith was wavering. She went on walking and talking with Major Frost, and boring us all with him and his confidences, till I, for one, was sick of his very name. But she meant no treachery; she never even thought of deserting her betrothed. Had any accident happened to bring him uppermost, she would have gone back to dear Ellis all the same. She was not faithless nor fickle, nor any thing that was wicked: she was chiefly stupid, or rather, stolid. And to think the two were sisters! The Admiral was not very quick-sighted, but evidently he had begun to notice how things were going. He came to me one afternoon to consult me when both the girls were out. I suppose they were at croquet somewhere. We elders found that afternoon hour, when they were busy with the balls and mallets, a very handy time for consulting about any thing which they were not intended to know.

"I think I ought to write to Llewellyn," he said. "Things are in a very unsatisfactory state. I am not satisfied that he was obliged to go away as he said. I think he might have come to see her had he tried. I have been consulting the little one about it, and she thinks with me."

"What does she think?" I asked, with breathless interest, to the Admiral's surprise.

"She thinks with me, that things are in an unsatisfactory state," he said, calmly; "that it would be far better to have it settled and over, one way or another. She is a very sensible little woman. I was just about to write to Llewellyn; but I thought it best to ask you first what your opinion was."

Should I speak and tell him all? Had I any right to tell him? The thought passed through my mind quick as lightning. I made a longer pause than I ought to have done. And then all I could find to say was,

"I think I should let things take their chance if I were you."

"What does that mean?" said the Admiral, quickly. "Take their chance! I think it is my duty to write to him, and let things be settled out of hand."

It was with this intention he left me. But he did not write; for the very next morning there came a letter from Llewellyn, not to Martha, but to her father, telling him that he was coming home. The ship had been paid off quite unexpectedly, I heard afterward. And I suppose that, unless he had been courageous enough to give the true explanation of his conduct, he had no resource but to come back. It was a curious, abrupt sort of letter. The young man's conscience, I think, had pricked him for his cowardice in running away; and either he had wound himself up to the point of carrying out his engagement in desperation, or else he was coming to tell his story, and ask for his release. I heard of it immediately from the Admiral himself, who was evidently not quite at ease in his mind on the subject. And a short time afterward Martha came in, dragging her sister with her, full of the news.

"I could scarcely get her to come," Martha said. "I can't think what she always wants running after those village people. And when we have just got the news that Ellis is coming home!"

"Yes, I heard," said I. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you. Do you expect him soon? Does he say thing about—?"

"Oh, his letter was to papa," said Martha, interrupting my very hesitating and embarrassed speech; for my eyes were on Nelly, and I saw in a moment that her whole expression had changed. "He could not be expected to say any thing particular to papa; but I suppose it must be very soon. I don't think he will want to wait now he is free."

"I shall be very glad when it is all over," said Nelly, to my great surprise. It was the first time I had heard her make any comment on the subject. "It will make so much fuss and worry. It is very entertaining to them, I suppose, but it is rather tiresome to us. Mrs. Mulgrave, I am going to see Molly Jackson; I can hear all about the trousseau at home, you know."

"Nelly!" said I, as I kissed her; and I could not restrain a warning look. She flushed up, poor child, to her hair, but turned away with a sick impatience that went to my heart.

"If you had the worry of it night and day, as I shall have!" she said, under her breath, with an impatient sigh. And then she went away.

I knew all that was in her mind as well as if she had told me. She had lost her temper and patience as well as her peace of mind. It is hard to keep serene under a repeated pressure. She did it the first time; but she was not equal to it the second. She had no excuse to go away now. She had to look forward to every thing, and hear it all discussed, and go through in anticipation. She had to receive him as his future sister; to be the witness of every thing, always on the spot; a part of the bridal pageant, the first and closest spectator. And it was very hard to bear. As for Martha, she sat serene in a chair which she had herself worked for me, turning her fair countenance to the light. She saw nothing strange in Nelly's temper, nor in any thing that happened to her. She sat waiting till I had taken my seat again, quite ready to go into the question of the trousseau. The sight of her placidity made me desperate. Suddenly there came before me the haggard looks of poor Llewellyn, and the pale exasperation and heart-sickness of my bright little Nelly's face. And then I looked at Martha, who was sitting, serene and cheerful, just in the same spot and the same attitude in which, a few days before, she had told me of Major Frost. She had left off Major Frost now and come back to her trousseau. What did it matter to her which of them it was! As for giving her pain, or humiliating her, how much or how long would she feel it? I became desperate. I fastened the door when I closed it after Nelly that nobody might interrupt us; and then I came and sat down opposite to my victim. Martha was utterly unconscious still. It never occurred to her to notice how people were looking, nor to guess what was in any body's mind.

"You are quite pleased," said I, making my first assault very gently, "that Captain Llewellyn is coming home?"

"Pleased!" said Martha. "Of course I am pleased. What odd people you all are! Any body might see that it is pleasanter to be settled and know what one is doing. I wish you would come up to town with me some day, Mrs. Mulgrave, and help me with Elise."

"My dear," said I, "in the first place, there is something more important than Elise; there is Major Frost. What do you mean to do with him?"

"I?" said Martha, opening her eyes. "He always knew I was engaged. Of course I am very sorry for him; but if he did not choose to come forward in time he could not expect that one was to wait."

"And is that how you mean to leave him," said I, severely, "after all the encouragement you have given him? Every day, for a month past, I have expected to hear you say that you had made a mistake about Captain Llewellyn, and that it was the Major you liked best."

"Oh, fancy *me* doing such a thing!" cried Martha, really roused, "after being engaged to Ellis a whole year. If he had come forward at the proper time, perhaps— But to make a change when every thing was settled. You never could have believed it of *me!*"

"If you like the other better, it is never too late to make a change," said I, carried away by my motive, which was good, and justified a little stretch of ethics. "You will be doing a dreadful injury to poor Captain Llewellyn if you marry him and like another man best."

Martha looked at me with a little simper of self-satisfaction. "I think I know my duty," she said. "I am engaged. I don't see that any thing else is of any consequence. Of course the gentleman I am engaged to is the one I shall like best."

"Do you mean that you are engaged to him because you like him best?" said I. "Martha, take care. You may be preparing great bitterness for yourself. I have no motive but your good." This was not true, but still it is a thing that every body says; and I was so much excited that I had to stop to take breath. "You may never have it in your power to make a choice again," I said, with solemnity. "You ought to pause and think seriously which of the two you love. You can not love them both. It is the most serious question you will ever have to settle in your life."

Martha looked at me with a calm surprise which drove me wild. "Dear Mrs. Mulgrave," she said, "I don't know what you mean. I am engaged to Ellis—and Major Frost has never proposed even. He may have been only flirting, for any thing I can tell; and how foolish it would be to give up the one without any real hold on the other! but of course it is nonsense altogether. Why, Ellis is coming back on purpose; and as Major Frost did not come forward in time, I don't see how he can complain."

All this she said with the most perfect placidity, sitting opposite the window, lifting her serene countenance to the light. It was a practical concern to Martha. It did not so much matter which it was; but to interfere with a thing fully arranged and settled, because of any mere question of liking! I was not by a very long way so cool as she was. Every thing seemed to me to depend upon this last throw, and I felt myself suddenly bold to put it to the touch. It was not my business, to be sure; but to think of those two young creatures torn asunder and made miserable! It was not even Nelly I was thinking of. Nelly would be free; she was young; she would not have her heart-break always kept before her, and time would heal her wounds. But poor Llewellyn was bound and fettered. He could not escape nor forget. It was for him I made my last attempt.

"Martha, I have something still more serious to say to you," I said. "Do you remember, when you told me of Captain Llewellyn's proposal first, I asked you if it was not a mistake?"

"Yes, I remember very well," said Martha. "It was just like you. I never knew any one who asked such odd questions. I should have been angry had it been any one but you."

"Perhaps you will be angry now," I said. "I know you will be vexed, but I can't help it. Oh, my dear, you must listen to me! It is not only your happiness that is concerned, but that of others. Martha, I have every reason to think that it was a mistake. Don't smile; I am in earnest. It was a mistake. Can't you see yourself how little heart he puts into it? Martha, my dear, it is no slight to you. You told me you had never thought of him before he wrote to you. And it was not you he meant to write to. What can I say to convince you? It is true; it is not merely my idea. It was all a mistake."

"Mrs. Mulgrave," said Martha, a little moved out of her composure, "I am not angry. I might be; but I am sure you don't mean it. It is one of the fancies you take into your head. How could it be a mistake? It was me he wrote to, not any body else. Of course I was not fond of him before; but when a man asks you to marry him, how is it possible there can be any mistake?"

"Oh, Martha," I said, wringing my hands, "let me tell you all; only hear me, and don't be vexed. Did you never notice all that summer how he followed Nelly about? Try and remember. He was always by her side; wherever we went those two were together. Ask any body; ask Lady Denzil; ask your father. Oh, my dear child, I don't want to hurt your feelings! I want to save you from something you will be very sorry for. I want you to be happy. Can't you see what I mean without any more explanations from me?"

Martha had, notwithstanding her composure, grown pale. Her placid looks had changed a little. "I see it is something about sister," she said. "Because you like her best you think every body else must like her best too. I wonder why it is that you are so unkind to me!"

As she spoke she cried a little, and turned her shoulder toward me instead of her face.

"Not unkind," I said, "oh, not unkind! I am speaking only because I love you all."

"You have never loved *me*," said Martha, weeping freely; "never, though I have been so fond of you. And now you want to make me ridiculous and miserable. How can I tell what you mean? What has sister to do with it? Ellis was civil to her—for my sake. It was me he proposed to. How can I tell what you are all plotting in your hearts? When people write letters to me, and ask me to marry them, am I not to believe what they say?"

"When he wrote he thought Nelly was the eldest," I said. "You know what I have always told you about your names. He wrote to her, and it came to you. Martha, believe me, it is not one of my fancies; it is true."

"How do you know it is true?" she cried, with a natural outburst of anger and indignation. "How do you dare to come and say all this now? Insulting Ellis, and sister, and me. Oh, I wish I had never known you! I wish I had never, never come into this house! I wish—"

Her voice died away in a storm of sobs and tears. She cried like a child—as a baby cries, violently, with temper, and not with grief. She was not capable of Nelly's suppressed passion and misery; neither did the blow strike deep enough for that; and she had no pride to re-

strain her. She cried noisily, turning her shoulder to me, making her eyes red and her cheeks blurred. When I got up and went to her she repulsed me; I had nothing to do but sit down again, and wait till the passion had worn itself out. And there she sat sobbing, crushing her pretty hat, and disfiguring her pretty face, with the bright light falling upon her, and revealing every heave of her shoulders. By degrees the paroxysm subsided; she dried her eyes, poor child, and put up her hair, which had got into disorder, with hasty and agitated hands. Then she turned her flushed tear-stained face upon me. It was almost prettier than usual in this childish passion.

"I don't believe you," she cried. "I don't believe it one bit! You only want to vex me. Oh, I wish I had never known you! I wish I might never see you again—you, and—all the rest! I wish I was dead! But I shall tell papa, Mrs. Mulgrave, and I know what he will think of you."

"Martha, I am very sorry—" I began, but Martha had rushed to the door.

"I don't want to hear any more!" she said. "I know every thing you can say. You are fond of sister, and want her to have every thing. And you always hated me!"

With these words she rushed out, shutting not only the door of the room behind her in her wrath, but the door of the house, which stood always open. She left me, I avow, in a state of very great agitation. I had not expected her to take it in this way. And it had been a great strain upon my nerves to speak at all. I trembled all over, and as soon as she was gone I cried too, from mere nervousness and agitation, not to speak of the terrible thought that weighed on my mind—had I done harm or good? What would the others say if they knew? Would they bless or curse me? Had I interfered out of season? Had I been officious? Heaven knows! The result only could show.

Most people know what a strange feeling it is when one has thus estranged, or parted in anger from, a daily and intimate companion; how one sits in a vague fever of excitement, thinking it over—wondering what else one could have said; wondering if the offended friend will come or send, or give any sign of reconciliation; wondering what one ought to do. I was so shaken by it altogether that I was good for nothing but lying down on the sofa. When my maid came to look for me she was utterly dismayed by my appearance. "Them young ladies are too much for you, ma'am," she said, indignantly. "It's as bad as daughters of your own." I think that little speech was the last touch that was wanted to make me break down. As bad as daughters of my own, but not as good; very different. When I thought how those girls would cling round their father it was more than I could bear. Not that I envied him. But I was ready to do more for them than he was; to risk their very love, in order to serve them; and how different was their affection for me!

All day long I staid indoors, recovering slowly, but feeling very miserable. Nobody came near me. The girls, who were generally flitting out and in twenty times in a day, never appeared again. The very door which Martha shut in her passion remained closed all day. When it came to be evening I could bear it no longer; I could not let the sun go down upon such a quarrel; I was so lonely I could not afford to be proud. I drew my shawl round me, though I was still trembling, and went softly in at the Admiral's gate. It was dusk, and every thing was very sweet. It had been a lovely autumn day, very warm for the season, and the twilight lingered as if it was loth to make an end of it. I thought the girls would probably be in the drawing-room by themselves, and that I might invent some excuse for sending Nelly away, and try to make my peace with her sister. I did not love Martha as I loved Nelly, but I was fond of her all the same, as one is fond of a girl one has seen grow up, and watched over every day; and I could not bear that she should be estranged from me. When I went in, however, Nelly was all alone in the drawing-room. She was sitting in a low chair by the fire, for they always had a fire earlier than other people. She was sitting over it, with her face resting in her hands, almost crouching toward the friendly blaze. And yet it was a warm evening, very warm for the time of the year. She started when she heard my step, and turned round, and for the moment I saw that I was not welcome to Nelly either. Her thoughts had been better company, or was it possible that Martha could have told her? I did not think, however, that this could be the case, when she drew forward my favorite chair for me, and we began to talk. Nelly had not passed through any crisis such as that which Martha and I had made for ourselves. She told me her sister had a headache, and had been lying down before dinner, but that now she had gone out for a little air.

"Only in the garden," Nelly said. And then she added, "Major Frost is here. He is with her—and I don't think he ought to come so often—now—"

"Major Frost!" I said, and my heart began to beat; I don't know what I feared or hoped, for at this moment the Admiral came in from the dining-room and joined us, and we got into ordinary conversation. What a strange thing ordinary conversation is! We sat in the dark, with only the fire-light making rosy gleams about the room, and wavering in the great mirror over the mantle-piece, where we were all dimly reflected—and talked about every sort of indifferent subject. But I wonder if Nelly was thinking of what she was saying? or if her heart was away, like mine, hovering over the heads of these two in the garden, or with poor Llewellyn who was creeping home an unwilling bridegroom? Even the Admiral, I believe, had something on his mind different from all our chit-chat. For my own part I sat well back in my corner, with my heart thumping so against my breast that it affected my breathing. I had to speak in gasps, making up the shortest sentences I could think of. And we talked about public affairs, and what was likely to be the result of the new measures; and the Admiral, who was a man of the old school, shook his head, and declared I was a great deal too much of an optimist, and thought more hopefully than reasonably of the national affairs. Heaven help me! I was thinking of nothing at that moment but of Martha and Major Frost.

Then there was a little stir outside in the hall. The fire-light, and the darkness, and the suspense, and my own feelings generally, recalled to my mind so strongly the evening on which Llewellyn arrived, that I should not have been surprised had he walked in when the door opened. But it was only Martha who came in. The fire-light caught her as she entered, and showed me for one brief moment a different creature from the Martha I had parted with that morning in sobs and storms. I don't know what she wore; but I know that she was more elaborately dressed than usual, and had sparkling ornaments about her which caught the light. I almost think, though I never could be sure, that it was her poor mother's diamond brooch which she had put on, though they were alone. She came in lightly, with something of the triumphant air I had noticed in her a year ago, before Captain Llewellyn's Christmas visit. It was evident, at all events, that my remonstrance had not broken her spirit. I could see her give a little glance to my corner, and I know that she saw I was there.

"Are you here, papa?" she said. "You always sit, like crows, in the dark, and nobody can see you." Then she drew a chair into the circle. She took no notice of me or any one, but placed herself directly in the light of the fire.

"Yes, my dear," said her father. "I am glad you have come in. It begins to get cold."

"We did not feel it cold," said Martha, and then she laughed—a short, little, disconnected laugh, which indicated some disturbance of her calm; then she went on, with a tendency to short, broken sentences, like myself. "Papa," she said, "I may as well tell you at once. When the Major was here last he was poor, and could not speak—now he's well off. And he wants me to marry him. I like him better than—Ellis Llewellyn. I always—liked him better—and he loves *me!*"

Upon which Martha burst into tears.

If I were to try to describe the consternation produced by this unlooked-for speech I should only prolong my story without making it more clear. The want of light heightened it, and confused us all doubly. If a bomb had burst in the peaceful place I don't think it could have produced a greater commotion. It was only the Admiral, however, who could say a word, and of course he was the proper person. Martha very soon came out of her tears to reply to him. He was angry, he was bewildered, he was wild for the moment. What was he to say to Llewellyn? What did she mean? How did Major Frost dare—? I confess that I was crying in my corner—I could not help it. When the Admiral began to storm, I put my hand on his arm, and made him come to me, and whispered a word in his ear. Then the good man subsided into a bewildered silence. And after a while he went to the library, where Major Frost was waiting to know his fate.

It is unnecessary to follow out the story further. Llewellyn, poor fellow, had to wait a long time after all before Nelly would look at him. I never knew such a proud little creature. And she never would own to me that any spark of human feeling had been in her during that painful year. They were a proud family altogether. Martha met me ever after with her old affectionateness and composure—never asked pardon, nor said I was right, but at the same time never resented nor betrayed my interference. I believe she forgot it even, with the happy faculty that belonged to her nature, and has not an idea now that it was any thing but the influence of love and preference which made her cast off Llewellyn and choose Major Frost.

Sometimes, however, in the gray of the summer evenings, or the long, long winter nights, I think I might just as well have let things alone. There are two bright households the more in the world, no doubt. But the Admiral and I are both dull enough sometimes, now the girls are gone. He comes and sits with me, which is always company, and it is not his fault I have not changed my residence and my lonely condition. But I say to him, why should we change? and give the world occasion to laugh, and make a talk of us, at our age? Things are very well as they are. I believe we are better company to each other living next door than if we were more closely allied; and our neighbors know us too well to make any talk about our friendship. But still it often happens, even when we are together—in the still evenings, and in the fire-light, and when all the world is abroad of summer nights—that we both of us lament a little in silence, and feel that it is very dull without the girls.

HOLY LAND EXPLORATIONS.

THE Palestine Exploration Fund Committee of England, at the head of which is A. H. ("Babylon") Layard, has lately been exposing our great ignorance in regard to the Land of the Book. We know far less that is reliable of Palestine than we do of Egypt, and while this ignorance exists much of the significance of the Bible must remain more or less obscure. Mr. Layard's Committee represents that our maps of Palestine are inaccurate, the names being confused in application and orthography; the archæology rests on no sufficient basis; the geology is all conjectural; and the natural history imperfectly investigated.

Two exploring expeditions have been sent out by this Committee, under the direction of Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson, Royal Engineers. They landed, with a force consisting of a corporal of sappers, an expert photographer, and a practical surveyor, at Beyrout, in December, 1865, and occupied six months in determining the exact positions of places, recording the features of the ground, taking heights, examining ruined sites, photographing, and generally investigating every thing that came in their way. They fixed for the first time the exact latitude and longitude of nearly fifty places between Damascus and Jerusalem, and obtained accurate detailed maps of the whole centre line of the country, with several outlying districts. They also took 170 photographs, and made carefully-measured drawings of between thirty and forty structures—temples, synagogues, and churches—which had never before been taken. In 1867, in organizing the second expedition, Jerusalem was made the head-quarters. For the topographical and excavation department Lieutenant Warren, an officer of much experience and great energy, was selected. He started early in January last, and is now in Jerusalem, with two sappers, actively engaged in excavating and exploring. He has already been rewarded by a discovery in relation to the south wall of the sacred inclosure, which, without going into details—which would be unintelligible without illustration—we imagine to be one of the most important yet made there. In addition to his labor in Jerusalem, Mr. Warren has carefully surveyed much of the Philistine plain, a considerable portion of the highlands of Judea, and the valley of the Jordan, for about sixteen miles north of the Dead Sea. These surveys, combined with those of Wilson and Anderson, give us for the first time the materials for a correct map of more than three-fourths of the Holy Land. Most valuable discoveries have been also made in geology, zoology, botany, and natural history generally, which to all students of the Bible can not fail to be productive of attention and interest.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AN uncommonly severe winter—so every body says—sleigh-rides and skating carnivals have been the popular amusements from Maine to Maryland *at least*, and, to some extent, even farther South. In Washington the "skatorial art" has had an unprecedented "run," and practical performers as well as sympathizing spectators have experienced a rare season of enjoyment. And nowadays, even the most artistic fancy-skating does not satisfy amateurs or connoisseurs—something more novel is demanded; and blindfold skating, playing base-ball on skates, and numerous other devices to exhibit special skill are unfolded in answer to the popular feeling. Before long we suppose it will be the style to hold the fashionable balls of the season upon the skating parks. "Fair women and brave men" will trip the "light, fantastic toe," and glide with easy grace through all the mazes of the dance *on runners*. *Trains* will be abolished, and gentlemen can devote themselves to their partners instead of being absorbed seven-eighths of the time, as is now needful, in the too often vain attempt to avoid treading upon the voluminous masses of delicate dry-goods which adorn the ball-room floor.

This cold weather, by-the-way, has proved, beyond controversy, the endurance and hardihood of woman! Never again need it be insinuated that she is weak and feeble and inferior to man, even physically. While men have been muffled in fur caps, have not women, bravely despising the rigors of the season, walked through the streets bareheaded—or next to it—unflinchingly and uncomplainingly? The fragments of ribbon and velvet with which their hair has been adorned have only served to draw admiring attention to their unexampled fortitude. Nevertheless some smothered emotions of pity rise in the mind at the sight of red ears and blue noses; and though women *are* so much tougher and stronger, and better able to bear exposure than men, one has a fancy for seeing them looking warm and comfortable, and well wrapped up, when out of doors in freezing weather! In old-time winters one needed to take a little trouble, and look under a bonnet or hood for any special pair of bright eyes and rosy lips he wanted to see more fully. No such pains is necessary nowadays—the exhibition is "open to the public"—which, to be sure, may be advantageous in some respects.

A singular freak of the snow and wind has recently been witnessed by numerous people on the eastern side of Seneca Lake. In a large field great numbers of small bunches of snow are scattered about, each with a hole through it, like a muff. They vary in size, being from three to ten inches in diameter. They present the appearance of a vast number of white fur muffs scattered about.

There is now on exhibition in the Congressional Library at Washington a valuable "Record" of the Rebellion, collected and classified by Mr. Thomas S. Townsend. The "Record" proper consists of seventy-five huge historical scrap-books, composed of printed extracts cut from newspapers and magazines, relative to the political, social, and military events of the rebellion. Fifteen more volumes of a similar kind are yet to be added to the set. Every fact contained in these articles in the scrap-books is also recorded separately in order of time, in what is called the "Journal;" each one of the seventy-five volumes requiring a journal of some six hundred pages, wherein each fact is distinctly stated. In addition to the journals there is what is designated the "Encyclopædia of the Rebellion," consisting of twenty volumes of twelve hundred pages each, written in legible handwriting. Here each fact is entered under its general alphabetic head, such as battles, blockades, captures, generals, etc. To complete the value of the collection there is an excellent Index, which gives the reference to the various accounts of any fact or person in the Encyclopædia, the Journal, or the Record.

A "live gorilla" has at length been captured for the British Museum. He is only a year or two old, hearty and healthy, with a tremendous appetite. His captor, who has not yet sent him to England on account of the cold weather, writes that he is shy and playful, but in no wise ferocious. He also seems distressed at losing his parents; when first caught, his grief was quite touching to witness; he could scarcely bear to be looked at, and if at all annoyed by the presence of many people around him, would lie on the ground, with his face buried in his hands, and sway his head from side to side, as if in an agony of sorrow.

The "spirits" continue to take charge of the "gold diggings" in the vicinity of Hazardville, Connecticut. Every day a letter is received by the superintendent of operations from the directing medium in Boston containing special instructions what to do. Whether the secret cave and the two iron chests containing the buried treasure will be discovered remains to be seen.

The famine-stricken people of Sweden continue to suffer the pangs of hunger. For three years past the crops, in the northern parts of Sweden, have been very poor; last year they were an utter failure in consequence of the unusually early frosts. Even in the summer and autumn many of the poorer people were obliged to mix the lichens of the ground and the bark and leaves of the trees, nay, even *straw*, with a handful of rye meal to make up their wretched food. And now more than two hundred thousand people are reduced to the necessity of subsisting on this miserable bark bread, with a long winter staring them in the face. They sit helpless in their cheerless huts and die. The heavy frosts began in the region chiefly afflicted before the close of August; and as the intense rigor of the last winter kept the northern harbors ice-bound until nearly the close of June, it is not strange that there is great dearth of bread-stuffs.

Throughout Europe there seems to be much distress among the poorer classes in consequence of bad harvests. In Russia the government has had to make liberal appropriations to supply the peasantry with subsistence. In eastern Prussia there has been much destitution; and, according to accounts from Algeria (one of the French African colonies), a hundred thousand people have died within eight months from starvation. In London and all the principal towns of Great Britain poverty is very extreme. A great many laborers who were employed during the American war have been thrown out of employment, and their sufferings are described to be lamentable.

A singular instance of mechanical skill is given in a Paris journal. A young man about eighteen years old, not long ago, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for theft. He belonged to a respectable family, and his conduct in prison was exemplary. A few weeks since he begged the director, one day, to tell him what o'clock it was that he might set his watch. "You have a watch, then?" asked the director. "Only since yesterday, Sir," said the prisoner, and, to the astonishment of the director, produced one made of straw! The little master-piece is two and a half inches in diameter, about one-half of an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial-plate is of paper, and a pretty little straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by his surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

Accidents from the use of coal oil continue to be distressingly frequent. Doubtless they usually occur by carelessness; but that does not diminish the attendant horrors. Two or three weeks since two young ladies in Chattanooga were burned to death. A few details respecting the cause of their untimely end may prove a warning to others. It was a cold evening, and the fire in the stove had apparently gone out. The young ladies attempted to rekindle it; and to make it burn better they concluded to pour some oil on the wood before lighting it. One of them procured a large can of "Aurora Oil," containing about one gallon; she took the cork out of the can and held it over the top of the stove, and commenced pouring the oil. Unfortunately, the apparently dead coals were merely blackened on the surface; below the red fire felt the touch of the oil, and in an instant leaped out to meet it. In a moment of time the stream of flame had reached the can of oil, and the latter exploded, dashing the fiery liquid all over the room, enveloping the ladies in flames, and setting fire to every thing in the room. In vain were all their efforts to escape the flames which enveloped them; and when outside help came it was too late—they both died the next day.

Still more recently a sad accident occurred in Ohio, by which six persons were killed and four dangerously injured. A man attempted to fill a lamp in which what is called non-explosive Aurora oil was burned. It was evening, and he extinguished the light for the purpose of filling the lamp. His son, a child of about nine years, was holding the candle while the father filled the lamp from a two-gallon jug; and by some mishap lighted the oil, which exploded, blowing the jug to pieces and immediately enveloping the room in flames, ten persons being in the room at the time. All were immediately made helpless except one, who exerted himself to the utmost to save the others from death. But six were fatally injured, so that death ensued, and it is feared the others will not survive.

From these two instances—two out of many similar ones—two plain and simple deductions may be drawn; not *new* ones, but *old*—well known to most persons, often repeated, but often disregarded. Let them be kept in mind and heeded. They are: never use coal oil for the purpose of kindling a fire; and never attempt to fill a lamp with coal oil in the evening, or when another light must be held in the vicinity of the inflammable substance.

According to the latest official statements, on the island of Java, in a single year, the tigers devoured 148 persons, the crocodiles ate up about 50, and the serpents swallowed about 40. Pleasant, very!

An exchange says: "Rats can not live in Aliaska—because their holes freeze up solid as fast as the rats dig them. Naturally the rats get discouraged. At St. Thomas the earthquakes turn their holes wrong side out forty-three times a minute. This surprises the rats, and they leave on the first steamer.

There is a hotel proprietor near Jackson, Mississippi, who adopts a unique method of recovering any valuables which have been taken from the rooms of his guests by the servants. The following incident explains the method. He received a letter from a young lady who had stopped at his house recently, in which letter she requested that her pocket-book, left behind under her pillow, should be forwarded by express. The landlord had previously heard nothing of the pocket-book, but, looking dreadfully sleepy, he went to the colored chamber-maid, and said:

"Pretty cold, Mandy."

"Yes, Sah." [Pause.]

"Have to have a new broom soon, Mandy?"

"Guess so—next week." [Pause again.]

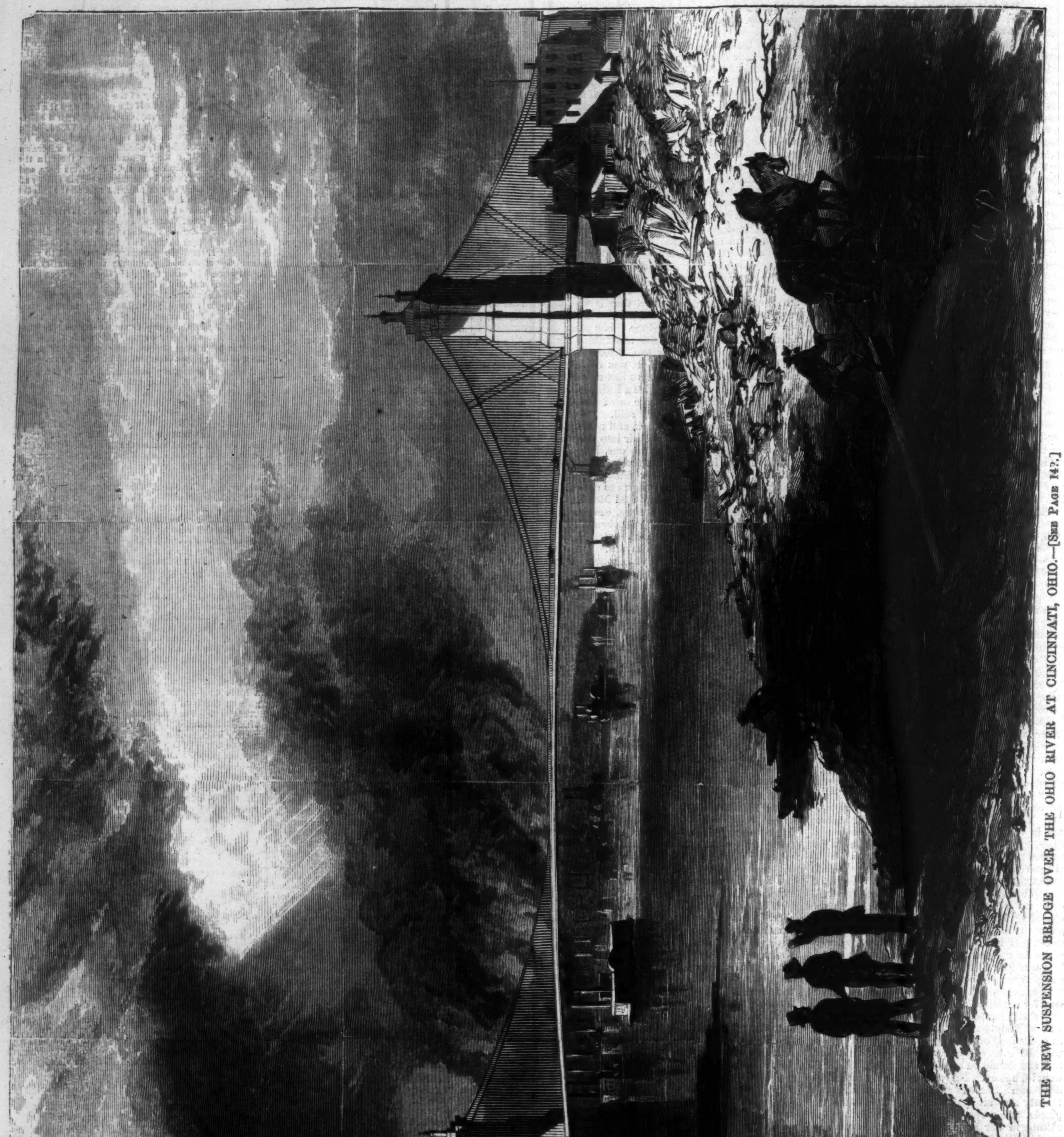
"Swept No. 5 yet, Mandy?"

"Yes, Sah."

"That young lady's pocket-book, Mandy—fetch it to me," this being drawled out in a tone of quiet indifference, but with an air of precisely knowing the history of the missing article. Mandy looked at him with a pale face and frightened grin. He whistled, looked at the sky, and yawned. "No hurry, Mandy; fetch it to me in ten minutes; that'll do; h-e-i-g-h-o."

Mandy was routed. She was gone five minutes to a neighboring hut, and returned with the pocket-book as if she had just found it. The landlord took it with two yawns and never a word.

In certain sections of Kentucky it is said to be regarded as a breach of hospitality to refuse an offer of marriage; and a case is on record of a young lady who during the last few years has been engaged to fifty different officers. She has finally married a farmer and settled down comfortably in life.



THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO RIVER AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

REAR-ADMIRAL BELL.

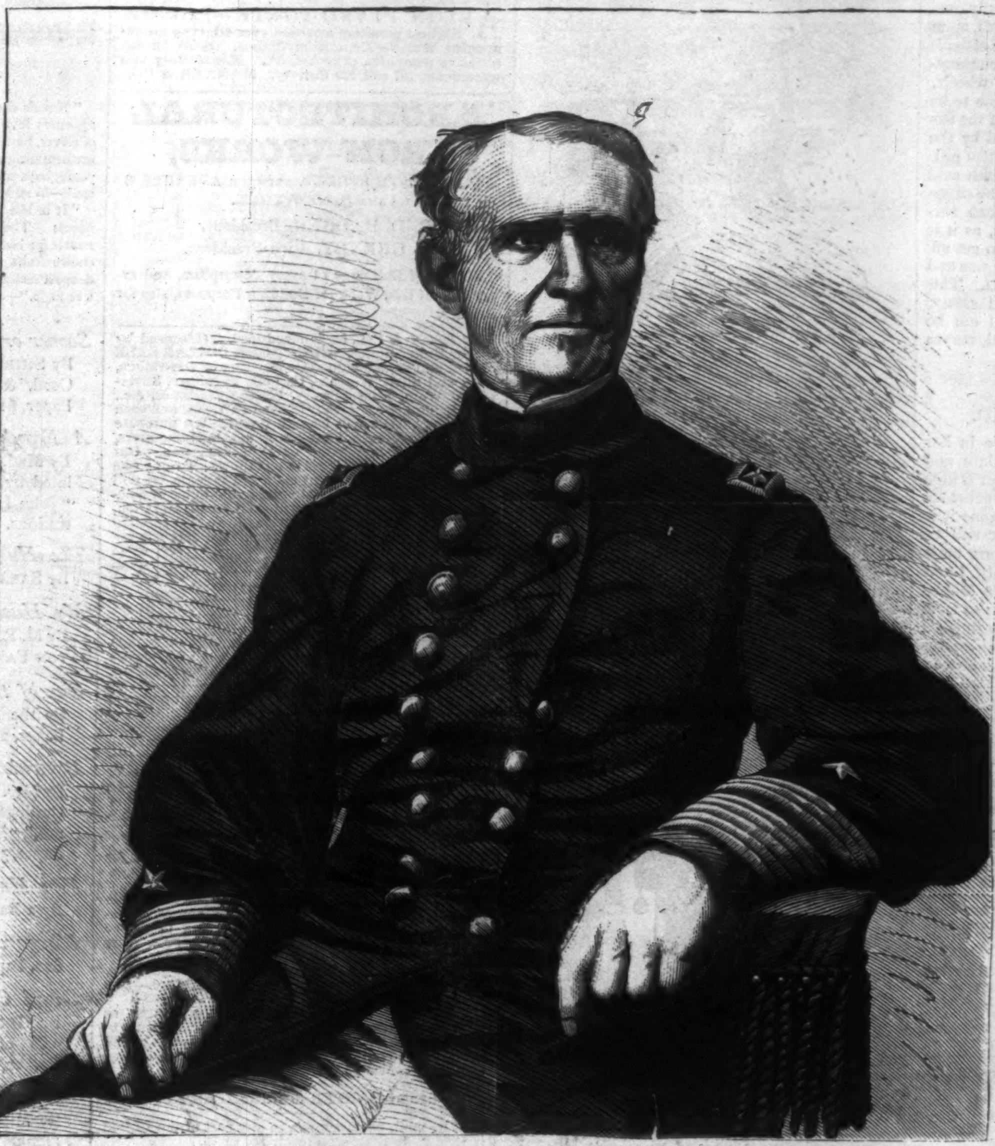
LATE advices from Japan bring intelligence of the deaths, on January 11, of Rear-Admiral HENRY H. BELL, commanding the Asiatic squadron of our navy, Lieutenant-Commander J. H. REED, and ten seamen, by drowning in the Osaka River. It appears that the mouth of the river had been closed by a sand-bar, which had formed during a heavy storm. While the Admiral was passing over the bar from his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, to the shore, the boat was capsized, and all on board, except three sailors, were drowned. The bodies were recovered and buried near the shore.

Rear-Admiral BELL was a native of North Carolina, from which State he entered the naval service August 4, 1823. Passing through the grades of Midshipman, Passed-Midshipman, and Lieutenant, he was made a Commander in 1854, and was soon after ordered to the United States ship *San Jacinto*, destined for the East Indies, as the flag-ship of Commodore JAMES ARMSTRONG.

During the service of the *San Jacinto* on the China station the English managed to improvise a quarrel with the Chinese authorities, and in conjunction with their French allies were waging war upon that people. Pending these vexatious and irritating hostilities, a boat from the United States ship *Portsmouth*, proceeding up the Canton River, was fired upon from the Barrier Forts. Commodore ARMSTRONG determined very promptly to punish this insult to our flag, and an attack was made upon the forts by the United States sloops of war *Portsmouth* and *Levant*, Commanders FOOTE and SMITH, and the boats of the *San Jacinto*, Commander BELL. Considering the strength of the works, the number of the guns and of the garrison, and the smallness of the assailing party, the result was almost incredible. After long and obstinate fighting the Chinese troops were routed, their works captured and thoroughly destroyed. Throughout this operation Commander BELL, as testified to by the lamented FOOTE, was conspicuous for his cool, deliberate gallantry, exhibiting always the sterling qualities of an accomplished officer.

When the rebellion broke out Commander BELL, although a Southerner, promptly offered his services to the National Government, and sought active duty. When Admiral (then Commodore) FARRAGUT was ordered to the command of the West Gulf squadron, he selected Commodore BELL as his Fleet Captain. In this confidential and responsible position he was a prominent participant in the destruction of the rebel fleet, the capture of New Orleans, and the opening of the Mississippi. When Admiral FARRAGUT came North to recruit his health and prepare for the next and final struggle with the enemy in Mobile Bay, he left the command of the West Gulf squadron with Commodore BELL.

Rear-Admiral BELL received the command of the Asiatic squadron in August, 1865; and from that time until his untimely death had remained in active discharge of his duties.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL H. H. BELL, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

A DESCRIPTION of the proposed railway over the Alps at Mont Cenis, between Savoy and Piedmont, was given in this journal for October 12, 1867, with views showing the mountain scenery and the situation of a train ascending the incline. The entire length of this line, from St. Michel to Susa, is forty-eight miles, passing, for the most part, along the ordinary high-road. When opened for traffic, in conjunction with the railways through the Italian peninsula to Brindisi, it will be the quickest route to India. There is no doubt of the usefulness of the mechanical system, invented by Mr. FELL, the managing director, for enabling the locomotive engines to ascend and descend with perfect safety and facility the steepest gradients on this line. The principle of Mr. FELL's system may be described as follows: The motive force or power of an engine consists of two elements, the amount of steam it can evaporate, and the amount of adhesion or bite its wheels can apply to the rails. Were a railway constructed on the level, or nearly so, the engine need only be of the weight required to give it strength and solidity to do its work efficiently; but as such a railway does not here exist it is necessary to increase the weight according as the gradients are steep. The steepest incline that an engine on

THE MONT CENIS RAILROAD—LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, WITH HORIZONTAL EXTRA WHEELS, ILLUSTRATING THE FELL SYSTEM.

the ordinary system of railway can ascend is 1 in 25, or 211 feet in the mile; but then its weight becomes so great that it becomes practically useless. Mr. FELL adopts a third or centre rail, upon which adhesion is obtained by the pressure of *horizontal* wheels, worked by the engine in conjunction with the ordinary perpendicular wheels. This plan enables the weight of the engine to be reduced to a minimum in consequence of the extraordinary increase of power developed by the action of the horizontal wheels on the centre rail. Mr. FELL's engines are able to mount with ease gradients of 1 in 12, or twice as steep as the steepest gradient that an ordinary engine can surmount. This plan adds also to safety, as it is impossible for the engine or train ever to get off the line. Our engraving represents an engine and train going round a curve of forty yards. This it is able to do with perfect ease and safety, while on the ordinary system it would not be safe to go round, at any thing like speed, curves of less than 400 yards radius.

BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO.

NEW YORK is peculiarly unfortunate in her bridges. LOEW's bridge is a decided failure, and ought to be pulled down; the East River bridge project has resolved itself into an impracticable tunnel scheme; and for some time to come it is likely that Broadway and East River will be spanned only by bridges of ice. They are more fortunate with their bridges elsewhere. St. Louis is building a splendid structure over the Mississippi, Louisville is spanning the falls of the Ohio with another, while Cincinnati has lately finished the bridge which we illustrate. This bridge was begun in 1856 and finished in 1867. The cost was $1,750,000. The total length is 2252 feet, 1057 of which are from tower to tower, and the floor is 100 feet above the "low-water-mark."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO OLD BACHELORS WHO DYE THEIR HAIR—"Keep it dark."

"Come home, my son," said a parent to one who had been absent from home for some time; "come home, and your mother will kill the fatted calf for you."

"Tell her not to do it, father," replied the offspring; "for I have lived on veal ever since I've been here. Tell her to kill a quarter of a pig instead."

A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six!" said the elderly gentleman. "It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

When are skipping lambs like library volumes? When they are boundin' sheep.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY—A Judge in Court.

A seven-year-old boy was lately heard to use profane language. On being reproved by his parents, and directed to ask God's forgiveness, he retired to his room and was overheard to say: "Oh, God, I am very sorry I said that naughty word, and won't say so any more; but please hurry and make me grow up to be a man, and then I can swear as much as I want to, like pa, and nobody will notice it."

A REAL TEETOTAL CURIOSITY—A pair of *water-tight* boots.

LEAP YEAR.

Leap year, isn't it? Well, let me sing to it.
Does any one fear for the maiden's year,
Lest whispered promises slyly cling to it,
And bind a little gold privileged ring to it?
Come! don't look innocent, Mary, dear?

Isn't it leap year? Millicent merry-eyed!
You're half-prepared for a pounce, you puss!
For a dozen of times you've the mistletoe berry eyed.
If it weren't that I'm bashful and reticent very, I'd
Snatch up your weapon and strike you—thus!

Leap year, isn't it? Tilly tyrannical!
What a pity it wasn't a year ago,
When over the bridge leading toward the Botanical,
In tones which I scarcely should think were mechanical,
You gave me a very broad hint, you know.

Isn't it leap year? That, for the height of it,
Your high-mettled spirits will take the bar,
When you come to the jump, if you catch but the sight of it.
There is not in the world such a girl to make light of it.
You'll easily win in a canter, Car!

Leap year, isn't it? While I am singing now
I wonder if Violet's ears will burn;
To a spar of the past I can fancy her clinging now,
As half forgotten a song is ringing now
To words which she wouldn't object to learn.

Isn't it leap year? Maidens be pitiful;
Beware of the whirligig wheels of Fate.
Around you of bachelor boys there's a city full,
And maybe they'll sing you of sorrow a ditty full,
But here I sit on my chair and wait!

THE CLERICAL PARADISE—Parsontown.

An old divine said to a young preacher who had just preached a sermon of the intensely horrible order, "You are too flowery, and your flowers are all the flowers of sulphur."

A CIRCULAR LETTER—O.

ON A LADY WITH RED HAIR.

So coy and cruel was the lady Jane,
That, in revenge for slighting all his darts,
Cupid, all heedless of her prayer or pain,
Dyed her soft tresses in her lovers' hearts.

Why do stewed chickens resemble fire-arms?—Because they are fowl-in'-pieces.

An editor heads his list of marriages "noose items;" another calls them "feats of the ring."

The first 'bus in America was Columbus.

A CAUTION TO MILKMAIDS.—A man in Kentucky killed a sick cow a few days since in whose stomach was found a large brass pin, a hair-pin, and a quantity of hooks and eyes. A jury of the neighbors, formally summoned for the occasion, returned an oral verdict that the unfortunate deceased (cow) had probably swallowed a milkmaid or a waterfall, at some period of its adult life.

A man that has seen "better days."

Two's company—three's none.

After 'Dark.'

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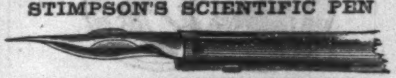

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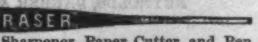

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